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## CONTENTS.

I. BISHOP BUTLER AND THE ZEIT-GEIST. By Matthew Arnold, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	67
II. THE DILEMMA. Part XXIII., . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	78
III. NATURAL RELIGION. Part V., . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	85
IV. AN UNIMPORTANT PERSON. Part II., . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	92
V. MR. THACKERAY'S SKETCHES, . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	93
VI. A NEGRO METHODIST CONFERENCE, . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . . . .	106
VII. JOHN FORSTER. By Blanchard Jerrold, . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	113
VIII. MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS. From the German of Goethe, . . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	117
IX. THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, . . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . . . .	125
X. THE ART OF LUXURY, . . . . .	<i>Belgravia</i> , . . . . .	127

## POETRY.

REST IN THE GRAVE, . . . . .	66	THE FACE OF MY MISTRESS, . . . . .	66
EDELWEISS, . . . . .	66		
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			128

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## REST IN THE GRAVE.

REST in the grave! — but rest is for the weary,  
And her slight limbs were hardly girt for  
toil;  
Rest is for lives worn out, deserted, dreary,  
Which have no brightness left for death to  
spoil.

We yearn for rest, when power and passion  
wasted  
Have left to memory nothing but regret:  
She sleeps, while life's best pleasures, all un-  
tasted,  
Had scarce approached her rosy lips as yet.

Her childlike eyes still lacked their crowning  
sweetness,  
Her form was ripening to more perfect  
grace.  
She died, with the pathetic incompleteness  
Of beauty's promise on her pallid face.

What undeveloped gifts, what powers un-  
tested,  
Perchance with her have passed away from  
earth;  
What germs of thought in that young brain  
arrested  
May never grow and quicken and have birth!

She knew not love who might have loved so  
truly,  
Though love-dreams stirred her fancy, faint  
and fleet;  
Her soul's ethereal wings were budding newly,  
Her woman's heart had scarce begun to beat.

We drank the sweets of life, we drink the  
bitter,  
And death to us would almost seem a  
boon;  
But why, to her, for whom glad life were  
fitter,  
Should darkness come ere day had reached  
its noon?

No answer, — save the echo of our weeping  
Which from the woodland and the moor is  
heard,  
Where, in the springtime, ruthless storm-  
winds sweeping  
Have slain the unborn flower and new-  
fledged bird.

Temple Bar.

## EDELWEISS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHAT is the sweetest little flower  
In all the leaf-green wild?  
O that must be the violet  
The spring's own foster child.  
O no, not hers the sweetest dower,  
I know a fairer little flower!

What is the sweetest little flower  
In all the leaf-green wild?  
Then it must be the red, red rose  
On which the sunbeam smiled.  
O no, not hers the fairest dower,  
I know a fairer little flower.

The rose and violet fade and die  
Amid the leaf-green wood  
I know a flower that never fades  
In silent solitude.  
Then name to me this forest child,  
The sweetest flower of all the wild.

When gentle spring the violet wakes  
And wood-birds sing and brood,  
Then waits my wondrous little flower  
In patient solitude.  
No breath of perfume hour by hour —  
Yet still the sweetest little flower.

When all the flowers go to sleep  
When leaf and blossom fall,  
When shrub and tree all mourning stand  
And birds no longer call,  
From ice and snow then blooms to light  
My little flower so silver white.

Of love within the heart that glows  
Undying, ever new,  
This flower that from the silence grows  
Is semblance fair and true.  
Free from its thrall of snow and ice  
Dear little blossom — Edelweiss.

Good Samaritan. HATTIE A. FEULING.

## THE FACE OF MY MISTRESS,

WHICH LEONARDO DA VINCI SHALL DRAW  
FOR ME.

IN poring o'er her face, which is not fair  
To casual eyes as it is fair in mine,  
I ponder oft what painter-hand divine  
Had surest caught the soul of beauty there;

And for the task, in wayward fancy, dare  
Evoke some sturdy truth-teller — Holbein  
Or Dürer — or anon some Florentine,  
Of grace more delicate and dainty-rare.

But most to thee, great master, most to thee,  
O Leonardo, do I turn, whose gaze  
Through swirl of change and time's slow-gath-  
ering haze  
Pierced radiant, and who thus did'st strangely  
see  
The high-soul'd cultured lady of our days.

Master, the face I love, draw it for me!  
Examiner. FRANK T. MARZIALS.

From The Contemporary Review.

BISHOP BUTLER AND THE ZEIT-GEIST.\*

I.

IN Scotland, I imagine, you have in your philosophical studies small experience of the reverent devotion formerly, at any rate, paid at Oxford to text-books in philosophy, such as the sermons of Bishop Butler, or the Ethics of Aristotle. Your students in philosophy have always read pretty widely, and have not concentrated themselves, as we at Oxford used to concentrate ourselves, upon one or two great books. However, in your study of the Bible you got abundant experience of our attitude of mind towards our two philosophers. Your text-book was right; there were no mistakes *there*. If there was anything obscure, anything hard to be comprehended, it was your ignorance which was in fault, your failure of comprehension. Just such was our mode of dealing with Butler's sermons and Aristotle's Ethics. Whatever was hard, whatever was obscure, the text-book was all right, and our understandings were to conform themselves to it. What agonies of puzzle has Butler's account of self-love, or Aristotle's of the intellectual virtues, caused to clever undergraduates and to clever tutors; and by what feats of astonishing explanation, astonishingly acquiesced in, were those agonies calmed! Yet the true solution of the difficulty was in some cases, undoubtedly, that our author, as he stood, was not right, not satisfactory. As to secular authors, at any rate, it is indisputable that their works are to be regarded as contributions to human knowledge, and not more. It is only experience which assures us that even the poetry and artistic form of certain epochs has not, in fact, been improved upon, and is, therefore, classical. But the same experience assures us that in all matters of knowledge properly so called, above all, of such difficult knowledge as are questions of mind and of moral philosophy, any writer in past times must be on many points capable of correction, much of what he

says must be capable of being put more truly, put clearer. Yet we at Oxford used to read our Aristotle or our Butler with the same absolute faith in the classicality of their matter as in the classicality of Homer's form.

The time inevitably arrives, to people who think at all seriously, when, as their experience widens, they ask themselves what they are really to conclude about the masters and the works thus authoritatively imposed upon them in their youth. Above all, of a man like Butler one is sure to ask oneself this — an Englishman, a Christian, a modern, whose circumstances and point of view we can come pretty well to know and to understand, and whose works we can be sure of possessing just as he published them and meant them to stand before us. And Butler deserves that one should regard him very attentively, both on his own account, and also because of the immense and confident laudation bestowed upon his writings. Whether he completely satisfies us or no, a man so profoundly convinced that "virtue — the law of virtue written on our hearts — is the law we are born under;" a man so staunch in his respectful allegiance to reason, a man who says: "I express myself with caution, lest I should be mistaken to vilify reason, which is indeed the only faculty we have wherewith to judge concerning anything, even revelation itself;" a man, finally, so deeply and evidently in earnest, filled with so awful a sense of the reality of things and of the madness of self-deception: "Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we desire to be deceived?" — such a man, even if he was somewhat despotically imposed upon our youth, may yet well challenge the most grave consideration from our mature manhood. And even did we fail to give it willingly, the strong consenting eulogy upon his achievements would extort it from us. It is asserted that his three sermons on "Human Nature" are, in the department of moral philosophy, "perhaps the three most valuable essays that were ever published." They are this because they contain his famous doctrine of conscience — a doctrine which,

\* The following discourse, and a second which will succeed it, were two lectures given at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. They had the form, therefore, of an address to hearers, not readers; and they are printed in that form in which they were delivered.

being, in those sermons, "explained according to the strict truth of our mental constitution, is irresistible." Butler is therefore said, in the words of one of his admirers, "by pursuing precisely the same mode of reasoning in the science of morals as his great predecessor Newton had done in the system of nature, to have formed and concluded a happy alliance between faith and philosophy." And again: "Metaphysic, which till then had nothing to support it but mere abstraction or shadowy speculation, Butler placed on the firm basis of observation and experiment." Sir James Mackintosh says of the sermons: "In these sermons Butler has taught truths more capable of being exactly distinguished from the doctrines of his predecessors, more satisfactorily established by him, more comprehensively applied to particulars, more rationally connected with each other, and therefore more worthy of the name of *discovery*, than any with which we are acquainted, if we ought not, with some hesitation, to except the first steps of the Grecian philosophers towards a theory of morals." The "Analogy" Mackintosh calls "the most original and profound work extant in any language on the philosophy of religion." Such are Butler's claims upon our attention.

It is true, there are moments when the philosophy of religion and the theory of morals are not popular subjects, when men seem disposed to put them out of their minds, to shelve them as sterile, to try whether they cannot get on without them. Mr. John Morley, in that interesting series of articles on Diderot which he is publishing in the *Fortnightly Review*, points out how characteristic and popular in the French Encyclopædia was its authors' "earnest enthusiasm for all the purposes, intents, and details of productive industry, for physical science and the practical arts;" how this was felt to be a welcome relief to people tired of metaphysical and religious discussions. "Intellectually," says he, "it was the substitution of interest in things for interest in words." And undoubtedly there are times when a reaction of this sort sets in, when an interest in the processes of productive in-

dustry, in physical science and the practical arts, is called an *interest in things*, and an interest in morals and religion is called an *interest in words*. People really do seem to imagine that in seeing and learning how buttons are made, or *papier mâché*, they shall find some new and untried vital resource; that our prospects from this sort of study have something peculiarly hopeful and animating about them, and that the positive and practical thing to do is to give up religion and turn to them. However, as Butler says in his sermon on "Self-Deceit," "Religion is true, or it is not. If it be not, there is no reason for any concern about it." If, however, it be true, it is important, and then it requires attention; as in the same sermon Butler says, in his serious way: "We cannot be acquainted with, nor in any propriety of speech be said to know, anything but what we attend to." And he speaks of the disregard of men for what he calls "the reproofs and instructions" that they meet with in religion and morals, as a disregard of what is "exactly suitable to the state of their own mind and the course of their behaviour;" more suitable, he would certainly have thought, than being instructed how buttons are made, or *papier mâché*. I am entirely of Butler's opinion. And though the posture of mind of a good many clever persons at the present day is that of the French Encyclopædists, yet here in the capital of Scotland, that country which has been such a stronghold of what I call "Hebraism," of deep and ardent occupation with righteousness and religion, you will not complain of my taking for my subject so eminent a doctor in the science of these important matters as Butler, and one who is said to have established his doctrine so firmly and impregably. I can conceive no claim more great to advance on a man's behalf, and none which it more behoves us to test accurately. Let us attempt to satisfy ourselves how far, in Butler's case, it is solid.

But first we should have before our minds a notion of the life and circumstances of the man with whose works we are going to deal. Joseph Butler was



born on the 18th of May, 1692, at Wantage, in Berkshire. His father was a retired tradesman, a Dissenter, and the son was sent to a Dissenting school. Before he left school, he had his first correspondence with Dr. Samuel Clarke, on certain points in Clarke's "Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God;" and he wrote to a friend that he "designed to make truth the business of his life." Dissent did not satisfy him; he left the Presbyterian body, to which his father belonged, and was entered, in 1714, at Oxford, at Oriel College. There he formed a friendship with Edward Talbot, a fellow of Oriel, son of Bishop Talbot, and brother to the future lord chancellor Talbot; and this friendship determined the outward course of his life. It led to his being appointed preacher at the Rolls Chapel, in 1719, the year after his ordination as priest, and when he was only twenty-six years old. There the famous sermons were preached, between 1719 and 1726. Bishop Talbot appointed him, in 1722, to the living of Haughton, in the diocese of Durham, and, in 1725, transferred him to the rich living of Stanhope, in the same diocese. After obtaining Stanhope, Butler resigned, in 1726, his preachiership at the Rolls, and published his fifteen sermons. They made no noise, and it was four years before a second edition of them was required. But he had friends who knew his worth, and in 1733 he was made chaplain to Lord Chancellor Talbot, in 1736 clerk of the closet to Queen Caroline, the wife of George the Second. In this year he published the "Analogy." Queen Caroline died the year afterwards, and Butler returned to Stanhope. The queen, however, had, before her death, strongly recommended him to her husband; and George the Second, in 1738, made him bishop of Bristol, then the poorest of sees, with an income of but some £400 a year. About eighteen months afterwards, he was appointed to the deanery of St. Paul's, when he resigned Stanhope, and passed his time between Bristol and London, acquiring a house at Hampstead. He attended the House of Lords regularly, but took no part, so far as is known, in the debates.

In 1746 he was made clerk of the closet to the king, and in 1750 he was translated to the great and rich see of Durham. His health had by this time given way. In 1751 he delivered his first and only charge to the clergy of Durham, the famous charge upon the "Use and Importance of External Religion." But in June, 1752, he was taken, in a state of extreme weakness, to Bath, died there on June 16th, and was buried in his old cathedral of Bristol. When he died he was just sixty years of age. He was never married.

Such are, in outline, the external facts of Butler's life and history. To fill up the outline for us there remain a very few anecdotes, and one or two letters. Bishop Philpotts, of Exeter, who afterwards followed him in the living of Stanhope, sought eagerly at Stanhope for some traditions of his great predecessor; all he could gather was, that Butler had been much beloved, that he rode about on a black pony, and rode very fast, and that he was greatly pestered by beggars, because of his known easiness. But there has been preserved Butler's letter to Sir Robert Walpole on accepting the see of Bristol, and a passage in this letter is curious, as coming from such a man. He expresses his gratitude to the king, and then proceeds thus:—

I know no greater obligation than to find the queen's condescending goodness and kind intentions towards me transferred to his Majesty. Nor is it possible, while I live, to be without the most grateful sense of his favour to me, whether the effects of it be greater or less; for this must, in some measure, depend upon accident. Indeed, the bishopric of Bristol is not very suitable either to the condition of my fortune or the circumstances, nor, as I should have thought, answerable to the recommendation with which I was honoured. But you will excuse me, sir, if I think of this last with greater sensibility than the conduct of affairs will admit of. But without entering further into detail, I desire, sir, you will please let his Majesty know that I humbly accept this instance of his favour with the utmost possible gratitude.

As one reads that passage, it is impossible not to have the feeling that we are

in the somewhat arid air of the eighteenth century. Ken or Leighton, in the seventeenth century, could not have written it; and in Butler's own century that survivor of the saints, Wilson of Sodor and Man, could not have written it. And indeed the peculiar delicacy and loveliness which attaches to our idea of a saint does not belong to Butler. Nobly severe with himself he was, his eye was single; austere just, he follows, with awe-filled observance, the way of duty: this is his stamp of character. And his liberality and his treatment of patronage, even though we may not find in him the delicacy of the saint, are yet thorough and admirable, because they are determined by his character. He said to his secretary: "I should be ashamed of myself if I could leave ten thousand pounds behind me." There is a story of a person coming to him at Durham with the plan for some good work. The plan struck Butler's mind; he sent for his house-steward, and asked how much money there was in his hands. The steward answered that he had £500. "Five hundred pounds!" said Butler, "what a shame for a bishop to have so much money! Give it away, give it all to this gentleman for his charitable plan." Open house and plain living were his rule at Durham; he had long been disgusted, he said, with the fashionable expense of time and money in entertainments, and was determined it should receive no countenance from his example. He writes to one who congratulated him on his translation to Durham: "If one is enabled to do a little good, and to prefer worthy men, this indeed is a valuable of life, and will afford satisfaction at the close of it; but the station of itself will in no wise answer the trouble of it, and of getting into new forms of living; I mean in respect to the peace and happiness of one's own mind, for in fortune to be sure it will." Again one has a sense, from something in the phraseology and mode of expression, that one is in the eighteenth century; but at the same time what a perfect impression of integrity and simplicity do Butler's words leave! To another congratulator he writes:—

I thank you for your kind congratulations, though I am not without my doubts and fears how far the occasion of them is a real subject of congratulation to me. Increase of fortune is insignificant to one who thought he had enough before; and I foresee many difficulties in the station I am coming into, and no advantage worth thinking of, except some greater power of being serviceable to others; and

whether this be an advantage depends entirely on the use one shall make of it; I pray God it may be a good one. It would be a melancholy thing, in the close of life, to have no reflections to entertain oneself with but that one had spent the revenues of the bishopric of Durham in a sumptuous course of living, and enriched one's friends with the promotions of it, instead of having really set oneself to do good, and promote worthy men; yet this right use of fortune and power is more difficult than the generality of even good people think, and requires both a guard upon oneself, and a strength of mind to withstand solicitations, greater (I wish I may not find it) than I am master of.

There are not a half-a-dozen of Butler's private letters preserved. It was worth while, therefore, to quote his letter to Walpole, and it was but just, after quoting that, to quote these to his congratulators.

Like Bishop Philpotts, one may well be tantalized at not knowing more of a man so full of purpose, and who has made his mark so deeply. Butler himself, however, helped to baffle us. The codicil to his will, made in 1752, not two months before his death, concludes thus:—"It is my positive and express will, that all my sermons, letters, and papers whatever, which are in a deal box, locked, directed to Dr. Forster, and now standing in the little room within my library at Hampstead, be burnt without being read by any one, as soon as may be after my decease." His silent, inward, concentrated nature pondered well and decided what it meant to give to the world; gave it, and would give no more. A characteristic habit is mentioned of him, that he loved to walk alone, and to walk at night. He was an immense reader; it is said of him that he read every book he could lay his hands upon; but it was all digested silently, not exhibited in the way of extract and citation. Unlike the seventeenth-century divines, he hardly ever quotes. As to his tastes and habits, we are informed, further, that he was fond of religious music, and took for his under-secretary an ex-chorister of St. Paul's, that he might play to him upon the organ. He liked building and planting, and one of his few letters preserved bears witness to these tastes, and is altogether so characteristic, and, in the paucity of records concerning Butler, so valuable, that I will quote it. It is to the Duchess of Somerset, and written in 1751, just after he had taken possession of the see of Durham:—

I had a mind to see Auckland before I wrote to your Grace; and as you take so kind a part

in everything which contributes to my satisfaction, I am sure you will be pleased to hear that the place is a very agreeable one, and fully answering expectations, except that one of the chief prospects, which is very pretty (the river Wear, with hills much diversified rising above it), is too bare of wood; the park, not much amiss as to that, but I am obliged to pale it anew all round, the old pale being quite decayed. This will give an opportunity, with which I am much pleased, to take in forty or fifty acres completely wooded, though with that enlargement it will scarce be sufficient for the hospitality of the country. These, with some little improvements and very great repairs, take up my leisure time.

Thus, madam, I seem to have laid out a very long life for myself; yet, in reality, everything I see puts me in mind of the shortness and uncertainty of it: the arms and inscriptions of my predecessors, what they did and what they neglected, and (from accidental circumstances) the very place itself, and the rooms I walk through and sit in. And when I consider, in one view, the many things, of the kind I have just mentioned, which I have upon my hands, I feel the burlesque of being employed in this manner at my time of life. But in another view, and taking in all circumstances, these things, as trifling as they may appear, no less than things of greater importance, seem to be put upon me to do, or at least to begin; whether I am to live to complete any or all of them, is not my concern.

With Butler's taste for building and improving is connected a notable incident. While at Bristol he restored the episcopal palace and chapel, and in the chapel he put up an altar-piece, which is described as "of black marble, inlaid with a milk-white cross of white marble, which is plain, and has a good effect." For those bare Hanoverian times this was a reredos case. Butler's cross excited astonishment and gave offence, and Lord Chancellor Hardwick begged a subsequent bishop of Bristol, Dr. Young, to have it taken down. Young made the excellent answer, that it should never be said that Bishop Young had pulled down what Bishop Butler had set up; and the cross remained until the palace was burnt and the marble altar-piece destroyed in the Bristol riots in 1831. But the erection of this cross was connected with his remarks, in his Durham charge, on the use and importance of external religion, and caused it to be reported that Butler had died in the communion of the Church of Rome. Pamphleteers and newspaper-writers handled the topic in the style we know so well. Archbishop Secker thought it necessary to write in denial of his friend's perversion, owning, as he did

so, that for himself he wished the cross had not been put up; and Butler's accuser replied, as "Phileleutheros," to Secker, that "such anecdote had been given him, and that he was yet of opinion there is not anything improbable in it, when it is considered that the same prelate put up the popish insignia of the cross in his chapel, when at Bristol; and in his last episcopal charge has squinted very much towards that superstition." Another writer not only maintained that the cross and the charge together amounted to full proof of a strong attachment to the idolatrous communion of the Church of Rome, but volunteered to account for Butler's "tendency this way," as he called it. This he did "from the natural melancholy and gloominess of Dr. Butler's disposition, from his great fondness for the lives of Romish saints, and their books of mystic piety; from his drawing his notions of teaching men religion, not from the New Testament, but from philosophical and political opinions of his own; and, above all, from his transition from a strict Dissenter amongst the Presbyterians to a rigid Churchman, and his sudden and unexpected elevation to great wealth and dignity in the Church." It was impossible that Butler should be understood by the ordinary religious world of his own day. But no intelligent man can now read the Durham charge without feeling that its utterer lives in a higher world than that in which disputes between Catholicism and Protestantism, and questions of going over to Rome, or at any rate, "squinting very much towards that superstition," have their being. Butler speaks as a man with an awful sense of religion, yet plainly seeing, as he says, "the deplorable distinction" of his own age to be "an avowed scorn of religion in some, and a growing disregard to it in the generality." He speaks with "the immoral thoughtlessness," as he calls it, of the bulk of mankind astounding and grieving his soul; and with the single desire "to beget a practical sense of religion upon their hearts." "The form of religion," he says, with his invincible sense for reality, "may indeed be where there is little of the thing itself; but the thing itself cannot be preserved among mankind without the form." And the form he exhorts to is no more than what nowadays all religious people would think matter of course to be practised, and where not practised, to be enjoined: family prayer, grace at meals, that the clergy should visit their parishioners, and should

lay hold of natural opportunities, such as confirmation or sickness, for serious conversation with them, and for turning their thoughts towards religion.

Butler met John Wesley, and one would like to have a full record of what passed at such a meeting. But all that we know is, that when Butler was at Bristol, Wesley, who admired the "Analogy," and who was then preaching to the Kingswood miners, had an interview with him; that Butler "expressed his pleasure at the seriousness which Wesley's preaching awakened, but blamed him for sanctioning that violent physical excitement which was considered almost a necessary part of the so-called new birth."

I have kept for the last the description we have from Surtees, the historian of Durham, of Butler's person and manners:—

During the short time that he held the see [says Surtees] he conciliated all hearts. In advanced years, and on the episcopal throne, he retained the same genuine modesty and native sweetness of disposition which had distinguished him in youth and in retirement. During the ministerial performance of the sacred office, a divine animation seemed to pervade his whole manner, and lighted up his pale, wan countenance, already marked with the progress of disease.

From another source we hear:—

He was of a most reverend aspect—his face thin and pale; but there was a divine placidness in his countenance, which inspired veneration, and expressed the most benevolent mind. His white hair hung gracefully on his shoulders, and his whole figure was patriarchal.

This description would not ill suit Wesley himself, and it may be thought, perhaps, that here at any rate, if not in the letter to Sir Robert Walpole, we find the saint. And doubtless, where the eye is so single and the thoughts are so chastened as they were with Butler, the saintly character will never be far off; but still the total impression left by Butler is not exactly, I repeat, that of a saint.

Butler stood alone in his time and amongst his generation. Yet the most cursory reader can perceive that, in his writings, there is constant reference to the controversies of his time, and to the men of his generation. He himself has pointed this out as a possible cause of obscurity. In the preface to the second edition of his sermons he says:—

A subject may be treated in a manner which all along supposes the reader acquainted with

what has been said upon it both by ancient and modern writers, and with what is the present state of opinion in the world concerning such subject. This will create a difficulty of a very peculiar kind, and even throw an obscurity over the whole before those who are not thus informed; but those who are, will be disposed to excuse such a manner, and other things of the like kind, as a saving of their patience.

This reference to contemporary opinion, if it sometimes occasions difficulty in following him, makes his treatment of his subject more real and earnest. When he recurs so persistently to self-love, he is thinking of the "strange affectation in many people of explaining away all particular affections, and representing the whole of life as nothing but one continual exercise of self-love," by which he had so often been made impatient. One of the signal merits of Mr. Pattison's admirable sketch, in "Essays and Reviews," of the course of religious ideas in England from the Revolution to the middle of the eighteenth century, is that it so clearly marks this correspondence, at the time when Butler wrote, between what English society argued and what English theology answered. Society was full of discussions about religion, of objections to eternal punishment as inconsistent with the divine goodness, and to a system of future rewards as subversive of a disinterested love of virtue:—

The deistical writers [says Mr. Pattison] formed the atmosphere which educated people breathed. The objections the "Analogy" meets are not new and unreasoned objections, but such as had worn well, and had borne the rub of controversy, because they were genuine. It was in society, and not in his study, that Butler had learned the weight of the deistical arguments.

And in a further sentence Mr. Pattison, in my opinion, has almost certainly put his finger on the determining cause of the "Analogy's" existence:—

At the queen's philosophical parties, where these topics were canvassed with earnestness and freedom, Butler must often have felt the impotence of reply in detail, and seen, as he says, "how impossible it must be, in a cursory conversation, to unite all into one argument, and represent it as it ought to be."

That connection of the "Analogy" with the queen's philosophical parties seems to me an idea inspired by true critical genius. These parties given by Queen Caroline, a clever and strong-minded woman, the recluse and grave Butler had, as her clerk of the closet, to attend regularly. Discus-

sion was free at them, and there Butler no doubt heard in abundance the talk of what is well described as the "loose kind of deism which was the then tone of fashionable circles." The "Analogy," with its peculiar strain and temper, is the result. "Cavilling and objecting upon any subject is much easier than clearing up difficulties; and this last part will always be put upon the defenders of religion." Surely that must be a reminiscence of the "loose kind of deism" and of its maintainers! And then comes the very sentence which Mr. Pattison has in part quoted, and which is worth quoting entire:—

Then, again, the general evidence of religion is complex and various. It consists of a long series of things, one preparatory and confirming another, from the very beginning of the world to the present time. And 'tis easy to see how impossible it must be, in a cursory conversation, to unite all this into one argument and represent it as it ought; and, could it be done, how utterly indisposed people would be to attend to it. I say in a cursory conversation, whereas unconnected objections are thrown out in a few words and are easily apprehended, without more attention than is usual in common talk. So that notwithstanding we have the best cause in the world, and though a man were very capable of defending it, yet I know not why he should be forward to undertake it upon so great a disadvantage and to so little good effect, as it must be done amidst the gaiety and carelessness of common conversation.

In those remarks to the Durham clergy Butler, I say again, was surely thinking of difficulties with which he had himself wrestled, and of which the remembrance made the strenuous tone of his "Analogy," as he labored at it, yet more strenuous. What a *sæva indignatio* burns in the following passage from the conclusion to that work:—

Let us suppose that the evidence of religion in general, and of Christianity, has been seriously inquired into by all reasonable men among us. Yet we find many professedly to reject both, upon speculative principles of infidelity. And all of them do not content themselves with a bare neglect of religion, and enjoying their imaginary freedom from its restraints. Some go much beyond this. They deride God's moral government over the world. They renounce his protection and defy his justice. They ridicule and vilify Christianity, and blaspheme the author of it; and take all occasions to manifest a scorn and contempt of revelation. This amounts to an active setting themselves against religion, to what may be considered as a positive principle of irreligion, which they cultivate within themselves, and, whether they intend this effect or not, render

habitual, as a good man does the contrary principle. And others, who are not chargeable with all this profligateness, yet are in avowed opposition to religion, as if discovered to be groundless.

And with the same penetrating tone of one who has seen with his own eyes that of which he complains, has heard it with his own ears, suffered from it in his own person, Butler, in 1740, talks of "the dark prospects before us from that profligateness of manners and scorn of religion which so generally abound;" and in 1751, speaking in the last year but one of his life, thus begins his charge to the clergy of Durham:—

It is impossible for me, my brethren, upon our first meeting of this kind, to forbear lamenting with you the general decay of religion in this nation, which is now observed by every one, and has been for some time the complaint of all serious persons. The influence of it is more and more wearing out of the minds of men, even of those who do not pretend to enter into speculations upon the subject. But the number of those who do, and who profess themselves unbelievers, increases, and with their numbers their zeal.

One cannot but ask oneself, when one considers the steadiness of our country through the French Revolution, when one considers the power and prevalence of religion, even after every deduction has been made for what impairs its strength, the power and prevalence, I say, of religion in our country at this day, one cannot but ask oneself whether Butler was not over-desponding, whether he saw the whole real state of things, whether he did not attach over-importance to certain workings which he did see. Granted that he himself did something to cure the evil which he describes; granted that others did something; yet, had the evil existed fully as he describes it, I doubt whether he, and Wesley, and all the other physicians, could have cured it. I doubt, even, whether their effort would itself have been possible. Look at a contemporary of Butler in France—a man who, more than any one else, reminds me of Butler—the great French statesman, the greatest, in my opinion, that France has ever had—Turgot. Turgot was like Butler in his mental energy, his deep moral and intellectual ardour, his strenuousness. "Every science, every language, every literature, every business," says Michelet, "interested Turgot." But that in which Turgot most resembled Butler was what Michelet calls his *ferocity*—what I should rather call his *sæva indignatio*. Like Butler, Tur-



got was filled with an astonished, awful, oppressive sense of "the immoral thoughtlessness" of men; of the heedless, hazardous way in which they deal with things of the greatest moment to them; of the immense, incalculable misery which is due to this cause. "The greatest evils in life," Turgot held, just as Butler did, "have had their rise from somewhat which was thought of too little importance to be attended to." And for these serious natures religion, one would think, is the line of labour which would naturally first suggest itself. And Turgot was destined for the Church; he prepared to take orders, like Butler. But, in 1752, when Butler lay dying at Bath, Turgot—the true spiritual yoke-fellow of Butler, with Butler's sacred horror at men's frivolity, with Butler's sacred ardour for rescuing them from the consequences of it—Turgot, at the age of twenty-five, could stand religion, as in France it then presented itself to him, no longer. "*Il jeta ce masque*," says Michelet, adopting an expression of Turgot's own; "he flung away that mask." He took to the work of civil government; in what spirit we many of us know, and whoever of us does not know should make it his business to learn. Nine years afterwards began his glorious administration as intendant of the Limousin, in which for thirteen years he showed what manner of spirit he was of. When, in 1774, he became minister and controller-general, he showed the same thing on a more conspicuous stage. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are nobly serious, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report"—that is the history of Turgot's administration. He was a Joseph Butler in government. True, his work, though done as secular administration, has in fact and reality a religious character; all work like his has a religious character. But the point to seize is here: that in our country, in the middle of the eighteenth century, a man like Butler is still possible in religion; in France he is only possible in civil government. And that is what I call a true "decay of religion, the influence of it more and more wearing out of the minds of men." The very existence and work of Butler proves, in spite of his own desponding words, that matters had not in his time gone so far as this in England.

But indeed Mr. Pattison, in the admirable essay which I have mentioned, supplies us with almost positive evidence that it had not. Amongst a number of in-

structive quotations to show the state of religion in England between 1700 and 1750, Mr. Pattison gives an extract from a violent newspaper, the *Independent Whig*, which had been attacking the clergy for their many and great offences, and counselling them to mend their ways. And then it goes on:—

The High-Church Popish clergy will laugh in their sleeves at this advice, and think there is folly enough yet left among the laity to support their authority; and will hug themselves, and rejoice over the ignorance of the universities, the stupidity of the drunken squires, the *panic of the tender sex*, and the *never-to-be-shaken constancy of the multitude*.

The date of that extract is 1720. The language is the well-known language of Liberal friends of progress when they speak of persons and institutions which are inconvenient to them. But it proves, to my mind—and there is plenty of other evidence to prove the same thing—that religion, whatever may have been the deficiencies of itself and of its friends, was nevertheless, in 1720, still a very great and serious power in this country. And certainly it did not suddenly cease to be so between 1720 and 1750.

No, Butler's mournful language has, it is almost certain, something of exaggeration in it. To a man of Butler's seriousness the world will always afford plenty of matter for apprehension and sorrow. And to add to this were the circumstances of his time, especially trying to an earnest dealer, such as he was, with great thoughts and great interests. There was his bitter personal experience of "the loose kind of deism which was the tone of fashionable circles." There was his impatience—half contemptuous, half indignant—of a state of things where, as Mr. Pattison says, "the religious writer had now to appear at the bar of criticism," but of *such* criticism! "If ever there was a time," says Mr. Pattison, again, "when abstract speculation was brought down from inaccessible heights and compelled to be intelligible, it was the period from the Revolution to 1750." This in itself was all very good, and Butler would have been the last man to wish it otherwise. But to whom was abstract speculation required thus to make itself intelligible? To the "fashionable circles," to the whole multitude of loose thinkers and loose livers, who might choose to lend half an ear for half an hour to the great argument. "It must gain," we are told, "the wits and the town." Hence the *sæva indignatio*. And therefore Butler, when he gets



into the pulpit, or when he sits down at his writing-table, will have the thing out with his adversaries. He will "unite it all into one argument and represent it as it ought," and he will fairly argue his objectors down. He will place himself on their own ground, take their own admissions, and will prove to them, in a manner irresistible to any fair thinker, that they are all wrong, and that they are bound to make their life and practice, what it is not, religious.

There is a word which I have often used, and with my use of which some of those who hear me may possibly be familiar; the Greek words *epieikes* or *epieikeia*, meaning that which is sweetly reasonable, or sweet reasonableness. But the more original meaning of *epieikes*, *epieikeia*, is that which has an air of consummate truth and likelihood, the prepossessingness of that which has this air; and *epieikeia* is to be rendered "sweet reasonableness," because that which above all things has an air of truth and likelihood, that which, therefore, above all things is prepossessing, is whatever is sweetly reasonable. You know what a power was this quality in the talkings and dealings of Jesus Christ; *epieikeia* is the very word to characterize true Christianity. And this Christianity wins, not by an argumentative victory, not by going through a long debate with a person, examining the arguments for his case from beginning to end, and making him confess that, whether he feels disposed to yield or no, yet in fair logic and fair reason he ought to yield. But it puts something that tends to transform him and his practice, it puts this particular thing in such a way that he feels disposed and eager to lay hold of it; and he does lay hold of it, though without at all perceiving, very often, the whole scheme to which it belongs; and thus his practice gets changed. This, I think, every one will admit to be Christianity's characteristic way of getting people to embrace religion. Now, it is to be observed how totally unlike a way it is to Butler's, although Butler's object is the same as Christianity's—to get people to embrace religion. And the object being the same, it must strike every one that the way followed by Christianity has the advantage of a far greater effectualness than Butler's way; since people are much more easily attracted into making a change than argued into it. However, Butler seems to think that enough has been done if it has been proved to people, in such a way as to silence their arguments on the other

side, that they *ought* to make a change. For he says expressly:—

There being, as I have shown, such evidence for religion as is sufficient in reason to influence men to embrace it, to object that it is not to be imagined mankind *will* be influenced by such evidence is nothing to the purpose of the foregoing treatise (his "Analogy"). For the purpose of it is not to inquire what sort of creatures mankind are, but what the light and knowledge which is afforded them requires they should be; to show how in reason they ought to behave, not how in fact they will behave. This depends upon themselves and is their own concern—the personal concern of each man in particular. And how little regard the generality have to it, experience indeed does too fully show. But religion, considered as a probation, has had its end upon all persons to whom it has been proposed with evidence sufficient in reason to influence their practice; for by this means they have been put into a state of probation, let them behave as they will in it.

So that, in short, Butler's notion of converting the loose deists of fashionable circles comes to this: by being plied with evidence sufficient *in reason* to influence their practice, they are to be put into a state of probation; let them behave as they will in it. Probably no one can hear such language without a secret dissatisfaction. For after all, if religion is your object, and to change people's behaviour, what is the use of saying that you will inquire not what they *are*, but how in reason they *ought to behave*? Why, it is what they *are* which determines their sense of how they ought to behave. Make them, therefore, so to feel what they are, as to get a fruitful sense of how they ought to behave. The founder of Christianity did so; and whatever success Christianity has had, has been gained by this method.

However, Butler's line is what it is. We are concerned with what we can use of it. With his argumentative triumph over the loose thinkers and talkers of his day, so far as it is a triumph won by taking their own data and using their own admissions, we are not concerned unless their admissions and their data are ours too; and they are not. But it is affirmed, not only that the loose deist of fashionable circles could not answer the "Analogy," it is affirmed that the "Analogy" is unanswerable. It is asserted not only that Hobbes or Shaftesbury delivered an unsatisfactory theory of morals, and that Butler in his sermons disputed their reasonings with success; but it is asserted that Butler, on his side, "pursued precisely the same mode of reasoning in the

science of morals as his great predecessor, Newton, had done in the system of nature," and that by so doing Butler has "formed and concluded a happy alliance between faith and philosophy." Achievement of this kind is what the "time-spirit," or *Zeit-Geist*, which sweeps away so much that is local and personal, will certainly respect; achievement of this sort deeply concerns us. An unanswerable work on the evidence of religion, a science of human nature and of morals reached by a method as sure as Newton's, a happy alliance between faith and philosophy — what can concern us so deeply? If Butler accomplished all this, he does indeed give us what we can use; he is indeed great. But supposing he turns out not to have accomplished all this, what then? Does he vanish away? Does he give us nothing which we can use? And if he does give us something which we can use, what is it; and if he remains a great man to us still, why does he?

Let us begin with the sermons at the Rolls, Butler's first publication. You have heard, for I have quoted it, the unbounded praise which has been given to the three sermons on "Human Nature." And they do indeed lay the foundation for the whole doctrine of the sermons at the Rolls, the body of sermons wherein is given Butler's system of moral philosophy. Their argument is familiar, probably, to many of us. Let me recite it briefly by abridging the best of all possible accounts of it — Butler's own in his preface: —

Mankind has various instincts and principles of action. The generality of mankind obey their instincts and principles, all of them, those propensities we call good as well as the bad, according to the constitution of their body and the external circumstances which they are in. They are not wholly governed by self-love, the love of power, and sensual appetites; they are frequently influenced by friendship, compassion, gratitude; and even a general abhorrence of what is base, and liking of what is fair and just, take their turn amongst the other motives of action. This is the partial inadequate notion of human nature treated of in the first discourse, and it is by this nature, if one may speak so, that the world is in fact influenced and kept in that tolerable order in which it is.

Mankind in thus acting would act suitably to their whole nature, if no more were to be said of man's nature than what has been now said. But that is not a complete account of man's nature. Somewhat further must be brought in to give us an adequate notion of it — namely, that one of those principles of action — *conscience* or *reflection* — compared

with the rest as they all stand together in the nature of man, plainly bears upon it marks of authority over all the rest, and claims the absolute direction of them all, to allow or forbid their gratification; a disapprobation of reflection being in itself a principle manifestly superior to a mere propensity. And the conclusion is, that to allow no more to this superior principle or part of our nature than to other parts, to let it govern and guide only occasionally in common with the rest, as its turn happens to come, from the temper and circumstances one happens to be in — this is not to act conformably to the constitution of man, neither can any human creature be said to act conformably to his constitution and nature unless he allows to that superior principle the absolute authority which is due to it. And this conclusion is abundantly confirmed from hence — that one may determine what course of action the economy of man's nature requires, without so much as learning in what degrees of *strength* the several principles prevail, or which of them have *actually* the greatest influence.

And the whole scope and subject of the three sermons on "Human Nature," Butler describes thus: —

They were intended to explain what is meant by the nature of man, when it is said that virtue consists in following, and vice in deviating from it; and by explaining to show that the assertion is true.

Now, it may be at once allowed that Butler's notion of human nature as consisting of a number of instincts and principles of action, with conscience as a superior principle presiding over them, corresponds in a general way with facts of which we are all conscious, and if practically acted upon would be found to work satisfactorily. When Butler says, "Let any plain honest man before he engages in any course of action, ask himself 'Is this I am going about right, or is it wrong? is it good or is it evil?'" and I do not in the least doubt but that this question would be answered agreeably to truth and virtue by almost any fair man in almost any circumstance," — when Butler says this he is on solid ground, and his whole scheme has its rise, indeed, in the sense that this ground *is* solid. When he calls our nature "the voice of God within us," when he suggests that there may be, "distinct from the reflection of reason, a mutual *sympathy* between each particular of the species, a fellow *feeling* common to mankind," when he finely says of conscience, "Had it strength as it has right, had it power as it has manifest authority, it would absolutely govern the world," — in all this Butler is in contact with the most precious truth

and reality, and so far as this truth and reality inform the scheme which he has drawn out for human nature, his scheme has life in it.

Equally may it be allowed that the errors which his scheme is designed to correct, are errors indeed. If the Epicureans, or Hobbes, or any one else, "explain the desire of praise and of being beloved, as no other than desire of safety; regard to our country, even in the most virtuous character, as nothing but regard to ourselves; curiosity as proceeding from interest or pride; as if there were no such passions in mankind as desire of esteem, or of being beloved, or of knowledge,"—these delineators of human nature represent it fantastically. If Shaftesbury, laying it down that virtue is the happiness of man, and encountered by the objection that one may be not convinced of this happy tendency of virtue, or may be of a contrary opinion, meets the objection by determining that the case is without remedy, this noble moralist moralizes ill. If Butler found some persons (probably the loose deists of fashionable circles) "who, upon principle, set up for suppressing the affection of compassion as a weakness, so that there is I know not what of fashion on this side, and by some means or other the whole world, almost, is run into the extremes of insensibility towards the distresses of their fellow creatures,"—if this was so, then the fashionable theory of human nature was vicious and false, and Butler, in seeking to substitute a better for it, was quite right.

But Butler himself brings in somebody as asking: "Allowing that mankind hath the rule of right within itself, what obligations are we under to attend to and follow it?" And he answers this question quite fairly: "Your obligation to obey this law, is its being the law of your nature." But let us vary the question a little, and ask Butler: "Suppose your scheme of human nature to correspond in a general way, but not more, with facts of which we are conscious, and to promise to work practically well enough, what obligations are we under to attend to and follow it?" Butler cannot now answer us: "Your obligation to obey this law, is its being the law of your nature." For this is just what is not yet made out. All that we suppose to be yet made out about Butler's scheme of human nature, its array of instincts and principles with the superior principle of conscience presiding, is that the scheme has a general correspondence with facts of human nature whereof we are conscious. But the

time comes, sooner or later the time comes, to individuals and even to societies, when the foundations of the great deep are broken up and everything is in question, and people want surer holding-ground than a sense of general correspondence, in any scheme and rule of human nature proposed to them, with facts whereof they are conscious. They ask themselves what this sense of general correspondence is worth, they sift the facts of which they are conscious, and their consciousness of which seemed to lend a credibility to the scheme; they insist on strict verification of whatever is to be admitted, and the authority of the scheme with them stands or falls according as it does or does not come out undamaged after all this process has been gone through. If Butler's scheme of human nature comes out undamaged after being submitted to a process of this kind, then it is indeed, as its admirers call it, a Newtonian work; it is a work "placed on the firm basis of observation and experiment;" it is a true work of *discovery*. His doctrine may, with justice, be then called "an irresistible doctrine made out according to the strict truth of our mental constitution."

Let us take Butler's natural history of what he calls our instincts and principles of action. It is this. They have been implanted in us; put into us ready-made, to serve certain ends intended by the author of our nature. When we see what each of them "is in itself, as placed in our nature by its author, it will plainly appear for what ends it was placed there." "Perfect goodness in the Deity," says Butler, "is the principle from whence the universe was brought into being, and by which it is preserved; and general benevolence is the great law of the moral creation." But some of our passions and possessions seem to go against goodness and benevolence. However, we could not do without our stock of natural affections, because "that would leave us without a sufficient principle of action." "Reason alone," argues Butler—

Reason alone, whatever one may wish, is not in reality a sufficient motive of virtue in such a creature as man; but this reason, joined with those affections which God has impressed upon his heart; and when these are allowed scope to exercise themselves, but under strict government and direction of reason, then it is we act suitably to our nature, and to the circumstances God has placed us in.

And even those affections which seem to create difficulties for us are purposely given, he says—

Some of them as a guard against the violent assaults of others, and in our own defence; some in behalf of others, and all of them to put us upon, and help to carry us through, a course of behaviour suitable to our condition.

For—

As God Almighty foresaw the irregularities and disorders, both natural and moral, which would happen in this state of things, he hath graciously made some provision against them, by giving us several passions and affections, which arise from, or whose objects are, those disorders. Of this sort are fear, resentment, compassion, and others, of which there could be no occasion or use in a perfect state, but in the present we should be exposed to greater inconveniences without them, though there are very considerable ones which they themselves are the occasion of.

This is Butler's natural history of the origin of our principles of action. I take leave to say that it is *not* based on observation and experiment. It is not physiology, but fanciful hypothesis. Therefore it is not Newtonian, for Newton said, "*Hypotheses non fingo*." And a man, in a time of great doubt and unsettlement, finding many things fail him which have been confidently pressed on his acceptance, looking earnestly for something which he feels he can really go upon, and which will prove to him a sure stay, and coming to Butler because he hears that in the ethical discussions of his sermons Butler supplies, as Mackintosh says, "truths more satisfactorily established by him, and more worthy of the name of *discovery*, than perhaps any with which we are acquainted," such a man, I think, cannot but be disconcerted and impatient to find that Butler's ethics involve an immense hypothesis to start with, as to the origin and final causes of all our passions and affections.

And disconcerted and impatient, I am afraid, we must for the present leave him.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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#### CHAPTER L.

FRED's visit to "The Beeches" came to an end next day. Yorke went with him as far as London, to look out for a second horse, it being arranged that he should return the following morning in time to accompany Miss Cathy to the meet. Even if he could not procure a horse in the

time, Jumping Joseph at any rate would be available, that useful animal having had but an easy day's work on the last occasion. Yorke wanted to find a groom also, for although there were plenty of spare men in Mr. Peevor's stables, the horses there never got thoroughly groomed; but as regards feeding, that gentleman had so frequently adverted to the fact of there being plenty of forage available, that Yorke felt that there would be no chance of being allowed to pay his own corn-bill. In truth he was now established on the footing of a family friend. Mr. Peevor enlarged on the obligation conferred on them by his stay, and on his kindness in accompanying Miss Cathy out hunting; with such an escort he no longer felt nervous about his daughter going out, Mr. Peevor being apparently under the impression that the proximity of another rider was a guarantee against falls. Yorke, for his part, felt that his visit, if prolonged much longer, must needs have a critical issue; but although his pulse did not rise higher at the prospect, he was nothing loath to let matters take their course as chance might dictate. He felt more interested in Lucy than a few days ago he could have believed it possible to be about any woman again, although not clear as yet whether he was in love with her; and he was still in doubt about the state of her feelings for him, and whether the little demonstrations in his favour which he could not but observe were spontaneous tributes to his effect on her, or parts of a design. This doubt perhaps rendered him less eager than he might otherwise have been; but if he could be sure that she really cared for him, why then—

The first-class passengers in the down train on the morning of Yorke's return to "The Beeches" were for the most part hunting men, bound to the next station beyond Hamwell, several horse-boxes bringing up the rear; but one occupant of Yorke's compartment was evidently not bent on the chase—a middle-aged man with square face and figure and short stubby hair, who wore black trousers and a white waistcoat, notwithstanding the season of the year. This traveller was attended to his carriage by a gentlemanly-looking person, bearing a basket, which the latter handed to him before himself retiring to a second-class compartment. The stranger, depositing the basket carefully by his side, sat bolt upright all the way down, as if it might injure the sit of his clothes to lean back, with a gloved hand holding the other glove (of lavender

colour) and resting on his knee, and Yorke noticed that the fingers of the ungloved hand were short and stumpy and not over clean. This gentleman, with reference to Yorke's costume, ventured on the remark that he concluded Yorke was going 'unting — hunting, he added, correcting himself; observing further that it seemed to be a fine 'unting morning, a fine morning for hunting, — that is, if the night's rain had not made the ground too 'eavy — what one might call too heavy. The conversation dropped at this point, Yorke taking refuge in his paper, while the gentleman occupied himself with looking at the cushions on the opposite side of the carriage, occasionally lifting the cover of the basket beside him to peep at the contents. At Hamwell station he got out after Yorke, the gentlemanly-looking person coming up to relieve him of the basket. Passing through the station to the road outside, Yorke saw that the only carriage waiting there was Mr. Peevor's landau. The stranger stepped towards it, the coachman touching his hat. The gentlemanly-looking person opened the door, for there was no footman, and the stranger was about to step in, when Yorke said, "We are apparently bound for the same destination; I presume," he continued with happy divination, "I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Hanckes?" "Anckes is my name, sir," replied the other; "my name is Hanckes: after you, sir, if you please." When they were seated, the gentlemanly-looking person handed the basket in, and mounted on the vacant seat by the coachman.

"Staying in the house, are you, sir," said Mr. Hanckes, as they drove along, "and going out 'unting with Miss Catherine? She is wonderful fond of hunting is Miss Catherine, and a beautiful 'orsewoman — a beautiful horsewoman, as one may say, and a wonderful 'ard rider for a young lady — wonderful hard." In such conversation the drive was passed, Mr. Hanckes dropping his h's freely by the way, but always making a more or less successful cast to recover them. Arrived at "The Beeches," they meet the two younger ladies in the hall; and Mr. Hanckes, taking the basket from the gentlemanly-looking person, presents each of them with a splendid bouquet of hothouse flowers, keeping two more in reserve for Mrs. and Miss Peevor, when they should be found. Mr. Hanckes made his offerings with considerable nervousness of manner, especially, so it seemed to Yorke, when approaching Lucy; and he noticed

also that while Cathy, who was dressed for riding, received her gift without any embarrassment — merely saying, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Hanckes; what lovely flowers! I must take them up-stairs and put them in water; I can't wear them out hunting, you know" — Lucy blushed a little, and stood holding the flowers in her hand as if not knowing exactly what to do with them. But Yorke could not wait to see the issue; for it was time to start for the meet, and the pony-carriage in which he was to drive Miss Cathy there was standing ready at the door. Indeed the little incident did not make much impression at the time; but it flashed upon him as he was driving along that this delicate attention to the four ladies was in fact intended solely for Lucy. Something in Mr. Hanckes's manner when presenting his offering, coupled with the young lady's embarrassment at receiving it, created the suspicion; and thinking over what had passed during that brief space, the conviction suddenly possessed him — derived, perhaps, from his own unfortunate experiences — that Mr. Hanckes was Lucy's avowed suitor. And somehow after arriving at this conclusion he no longer looked forward with the same eagerness to the business of the day, but found himself several times wondering how the inmates of "The Beeches" were occupying themselves during his absence. And such is the pettiness of human nature, that while ashamed of himself for harbouring the notion, the rivalry of even Mr. Hanckes seemed to heighten the interest with which he regarded the young lady.

And yet the occasion was one when a sportsman might well be absorbed in his pursuit. For although the afternoon turned out wet, the scent was good, and two foxes were found, each giving a capital run over a good line of country, which, however, did not cross Upper Shoalbrook Moor as on the last occasion, or anything too formidable for his companion, who acquitted herself admirably throughout the day. Yorke could not help observing, when he appeared at the cover-side with Miss Cathy, that some of the people cast significant glances in his direction; William the groom, however, was also in close attendance up to that point, although he was lost to view immediately on the first fox being found. But Miss Cathy herself was at any rate under no delusion in the matter; for on Yorke remarking as they rode home together what a pity it was her sister could not join in their sport, she replied, "Do you really



think so? Don't you think gentlemen like girls best not to hunt? To be sure, I don't know many gentlemen; but it always seemed to me as if they didn't half approve of my riding to hounds. I am sure if I were a man, I should not like my wife to do so." "Can she be in the plot too," thought Yorke, "and playing up for her sister?" But the young lady's manner was perfectly unaffected, and free from all appearance of guile.

That afternoon there was no early tea in the children's room, as Yorke had been looking forward to, thinking that Mr. Hanckes could not follow them to that retreat, and that he should have the young ladies to himself. It was late when they got back; and, heavy rain having come on, both riders were wet through and had to seek their rooms, and the members of the household did not meet till just before dinner, which was earlier than usual this evening, as Mr. Hanckes had to return by the ten o'clock train. But it was a satisfaction to learn incidentally, as they sat down to dinner, that this gentleman had passed the morning in business and in walking about the grounds with Mr. Peevor, Lucy being with them during only a part of the time.

The conversation at that meal took more than ever the price-current form, Mr. Peevor making constant references to the new house at Norwood which Mr. Hanckes had just finished building; while the latter, nothing loath, detailed to the company the various arrangements in progress for completing his little place, as he called it. As for example, Mr. Peevor would say,—“So you have quite settled to give the furnishing to Spruce and Garnish, Hanckes?” to which Mr. Hanckes replies that Spruce and Garnish were rather expensive, but that, on the whole, he had thought it would be better to have the thing done properly while he was about it. “And the decorations for the hall, Hanckes, tell us what you have arranged about them. Are you going to give the job to Stipple?” And Mr. Hanckes explained that Stipple had already got the job on hand. And then how about the pictures? Our excellent Hanckes must lay in some pictures, of course; and Mr. Peevor looked round to the company while putting the question, as if wishing them to listen to the announcement which our excellent Hanckes made in reply, that he had given a commission to Mount and Gilp, the dealers in Pall Mall, for pictures to the tune of five thousand pounds to start with—two thou-

sand water-colour and three thousand hoil, that is, oil paintings. “I don't know a great deal about art myself,” added Mr. Hanckes, modestly, “never having had over-much time to learn about such things; but I like to see pictures on the walls; they make a man's 'ome look snug—they give an air of comfort to one's home, if I may say so; and old Mount has promised to look after the order himself, and I can trust *him*.” Upon which Mr. Peevor made the remark to Yorke that they must not take our good Hanckes's account of himself for granted on this head, for that he had a really very good taste in pictures. Indeed it was amusing to notice the mild swagger which the worthy gentleman adopted towards his partner; whatever might be his business relations with Mr. Peevor, in presence of his daughters and in that gentleman's house, Mr. Hanckes was meek, not to say sheepish in manner, perhaps from an inward sense of his imperfect command over the letter “h,” affording to the other the evident gratification of patronizing the one person with whom he could venture to take this liberty; for Mr. Peevor held his butler in manifest awe, and indeed every servant in the establishment stood punctiliously upon his rights, and knew better than to do anything beyond the strict line of his own particular duty.

“Well, if you *must* go, Hanckes,” said Mr. Peevor, when the carriage was announced at a little before ten o'clock, “the brougham is waiting;” and indeed, as Mr. Hanckes had not brought anything for the night, except the gentlemanly-looking person who was being regaled in the servants' hall, it was not apparent how he could stay. Mr. Hanckes, however, did not give this excuse, but pleaded that he must positively be at the counting-house next morning at nine.

“And when may I hope to have the honour of showing you young ladies over my little place?” said Mr. Hanckes to Lucy, advancing towards her to take leave—“for an honour I should feel it. We are still in a bit of a mess down there, but you can see what the place is going to be like now, and I think you would be pleased with the garden and 'othouses; hothouse plants have been my 'obby, you know, ever since I could afford 'em; and I think you would like to look round my orchids.”

Lucy blushed a little, and said she supposed papa would soon name a day for going down. “Ah, if you would only name a day,” replied Mr. Hanckes; and the hon-



est fellow spoke so earnestly, with a sort of sigh, and, although in a low voice, so plainly as to be heard by every one in the room, which made Lucy blush still more.

"A perfect palace my worthy friend Hancakes is building down at Norwood," said the host afterwards to Yorke, when they were alone together; "all the newest improvements, and everything in the greatest taste; and, between ourselves, my Lucy might be mistress of it to-morrow—she has only to say the word; but the girl does not fancy the idea somehow; and certainly there is a good deal of difference in age." Mr. Peevor, it may be mentioned, was about twice as old as his present wife. And although not sure whether this piece of information was divulged as part of a general scheme, or simply out of pure leakiness, and while secretly ashamed of allowing himself to be affected by it, Yorke could not help being possessed in consequence with a growing sense of the obligation incumbent on him to save Lucy from so dreadful a fate. Acting under the influence of this feeling, before going to bed he made a definitive engagement to stay another week. There would be four meets of the hounds during this time within practicable distance, to two of which Miss Cathy would go, leaving him to take the other two alone. Accordingly, his previous expedition having been unsuccessful, he went up to town again next morning to find a partner to share the duty with Jumping Joseph, still billeted in the roomy stables of "The Beeches," where, although there were twice as many servants as were needed, and it seemed to be everybody's business to be looking after somebody else, there was at any rate no lack of oats, and the horses got themselves groomed somehow or other.

In this week, reflected Yorke, as he travelled up to town, there would surely be opportunity for gaining some clue to Lucy's feelings; and if he could discover that she really cared for him, and that he was not the victim of self-deception, played on by Lucy herself as well as the rest of the family, why then—truly a romantic ending of the absorbing passion of his life. For although Yorke was every hour beginning to think more of Lucy, and only wanted the encouragement of certainty to fall really in love, suspicion for the time held his feelings under restraint, and he was still able to compare her dispassionately with his ideal of what a wife should be, noting with critical eye her little imperfections. Brought up in a hotbed of lux-

ury; to possess just such a smattering of accomplishments as serves to mark the want of better training; to get up each day to live a purposeless, dull routine, made up of changing dresses and idling about the grounds, perhaps receiving a stray visitor or two—certainly sitting down to twice as many wasteful meals as can be eaten; to have no duties, no interests, no cares; never to be of the smallest use to any living creature,—what a training for a wife and mother! And yet how many hundred girls in England were spending just the same dawdling, useless, unprofitable lives, who would never be missed outside the home circle, and hardly within it! But after all they could not well lead a more useless life than that of the ordinary English lady in India. And it is not Lucy's fault that her home surroundings are commonplace and dull. It is not she who is stupid, but the people about her. There cannot but be talent, and humour too, in the shapely little head that bears those sparkling eyes. They only want the opportunity to be brought out. Besides, it is not those most used to comfort and luxury who care most about them. The thing stales with use. Rather would those women be greedy of such things who have known the want of them, and look to marriage as a deliverance from the cares of poverty. No, there need be no fear that Lucy would shrink from the roughing of a soldier's life, if that became her lot, any more than that she has not a real woman's heart to give, if only one could be sure that it is really given.

People would say, no doubt, that he was a fortune-hunter, but he could afford to disregard such calumny—all he wanted was to find some one who really cared for him a little for his own sake. Others, again, might think he was making a misalliance, and would say spiteful things about Lucy's family; but so pretty and graceful and gentle as she was herself, she would surely outlive that. And, after all, in India nobody ever inquired who any one's father was.

#### CHAPTER LI.

THE opportunity soon came. That day when Yorke went up to town, the wind had set in from the east with a sharp frost; it was still colder when he returned to Hamwell in the evening; and next morning the look of the weather was more suggestive of skating than any other amusement. Miss Cathy, too, came downstairs with a heavy cold—she always got a cold with these horrid east winds, she

said—and was house-bound for the day. Mrs. Peevor also was laid up, and did not appear at breakfast; and Miss Maria, as a matter of course, could not think of going out in such weather.

"I am so sorry for your disappointment," said Lucy to Yorke archly, as they stood at the window after breakfast watching the frosty landscape, while Mr. Peevor had gone out of the room on a summons from the bailiff; "what can we do to amuse you? I can't offer to drive you anywhere, because papa would not let the ponies go out this morning without being rough-shod. There is not a bit of danger, of course, but he would be miserable all the time I was away."

"Let us take a walk together," replied Yorke, "and see how the ice looks about bearing; that will be much pleasanter than driving on such a day as this. I am sure you skate like a sylph. Then you have still got to show me the river, although I have been here all these days. A walk to-day will be delightful."

Lucy's eyes brightened at the idea, but there followed a look of hesitation as she turned them away.

Yorke understood the difficulty. "May not the children come with us, and do propriety?" he asked. "I am sure a walk won't do them any harm on such a day as this. The poor little things have hardly been outside the door since I came here. They can bring their hoops to keep themselves warm."

Lucy blushed and laughed and ran off to the nursery; and soon returning in walking-dress with the children, wrapped up in furs so that they could hardly move their limbs, the party started off, first going to the kennels to set Lucy's dog free, which seldom got such a chance of a run. In the avenue they were joined by Mr. Peevor, who said he would accompany them part of the way, although he seemed astonished at their mamma having allowed the children to go out on such a cold morning, and left word at the lodge that the carriage should be sent to meet them as soon as the horses were roughed. Mr. Peevor was in good spirits, for notwithstanding the sudden change of the weather, the temperature of the house had been maintained at 60°; and he remarked more than once that although the heating apparatus had cost a trifle, it was worth any amount of money to keep the house always at the same point of warmth. On reaching the top of the steep hill which led to the river, however, he left them. He did not mind going any distance down-

hill, he said, but the doctor had advised him to avoid walking up-hill, so he would take his walk before luncheon on the level. So saying, he pursued his way along the highroad, shuffling along stiff in hand, the collar of his greatcoat turned up, and an enormous comforter round his neck.

The others turned off towards the river. The children ran on in front after their hoops, which bounded along the hillside over the frost-bound road, and for the first time Yorke found himself alone with Lucy.

For a short space they walked on in silence. Although Lucy stepped briskly, with a light elastic tread and upright carriage, she took little short steps, which made the pace a mere lounge for her companion; and wearing a sealskin jacket trimmed with fur, she did not feel the cold. Yorke, misled by the warmth of the house, had provided himself with only a light overcoat; and on this his first introduction to an English winter, he shivered under the penetrating wind. Truly this was an untimely occasion for love-making, when his teeth were ready to chatter and his fingers were numb with cold.

Presently they met a peasant-woman coming slowly up the hill, carrying a bundle of sticks on her shoulder, and leading a child with one hand. Both were miserably clad; and the child's face and legs were blue with cold.

By comparison Yorke was warmly dressed; and on seeing what others had to suffer, he was ashamed of his own impatience of the discomfort which he felt.

"Poverty is harder to bear in this country than in India," he observed; "this cold must make an awful addition to the burden."

His companion looked up as if surprised at the remark; she had been expecting him to say something different. He went on—"The poverty in England is dreadful to witness; the tremendous wealth at the other end of the scale makes the contrast all the greater."

"The poor in this parish are all very well cared for, I believe," said Lucy. "I know papa gives away a great deal in coals and blankets every winter; and I believe all our neighbours subscribe too."

"Coals won't keep you warm if you have to crawl about on a day like this without any clothes on, like that poor child," retorted Yorke, feeling for the moment quite angry with his companion. "Yet, after all," he thought, "what else is to be expected? To be shut up in a hot-house all your life, every want supplied, guarded from every discomfort, never to do

anything useful from one year's end to the other, to see the table spread ever so many times a day with ten times as much food as can be eaten, every want ministered to by a pack of lazy servants, themselves as pampered as their masters—what can be expected from a thoroughly immoral life of this sort but indifference to the needs of others?" Yorke, however, forgot that the senses of others might be dulled by familiarity with the social aspect of England, which struck him so forcibly on seeing it for the first time.

"Are there no poor in India?" asked Lucy, with some hesitation, disconcerted at the sudden change in his manner.

"Plenty," he replied, "including the poor British soldier. We have enough to eat and drink," he added, "and can manage to find ourselves in such light clothing as is needed in that climate; but it is a rough sort of life compared with what some of the good people at home are accustomed to, with their comforts and coddling and luxury."

"I should think a rough life must be very pleasant," said Lucy, after a pause.

"How can you tell what you think, when you have never tried it, accustomed as you are to have every want supplied, and everything done for you? You would always rather ring the bell for the servant to poke the fire, than do it yourself, I'll be bound. And I don't suppose you can remember having ever in your lifetime done your own hair."

"Oh yes, I can," said Lucy, laughing and blushing; "I can do my own hair well enough when I like; but what is the good, if your maid is there to do it for you? But you don't understand what I mean. It is so tiresome having everything done for one, and being of no use to others. Even the children never want to be looked after by us elder ones. You gentlemen go about, and hunt and shoot and travel, just when you please, and can afford to make fun of us girls who stay at home and do nothing."

"No, no, I am not making fun at all. There is nothing for us men to assume superiority about, because we amuse ourselves in our way, while you stay at home and amuse yourselves in yours."

"Amuse ourselves! what amusements have we? You little know how dull we always find it. I don't mean always; of course it is different when you—when we have visitors staying in the house. But you don't know how dull it is when we are alone. One gets up in the morning, really not knowing how the day is to be got

through. One can't be always working or reading, you know."

"Then you do read sometimes?"

"You are very sarcastic; because we don't take up books when we have company, we may read a little at other times, I suppose? I don't pretend to be very fond of books, and I hate dry ones, and I daresay you have found out how ignorant I am; but one gets so tired of being of no use to anybody. I often think I should like to be a governess or a needlewoman, or something of that sort, and earn my living."

"So luxury has its pains as well as its pleasures," said Yorke, delighted at this confession, yet still keeping Lucy on the defensive. "Charity begins at home; why not teach your little sisters?"

"Papa would not let me, even if I knew enough to do so. He means to have a French governess for them, and a German one too, as soon as Minnie is eight. He talks of adding schoolrooms to the house after Christmas. We never can do anything for the children except play with them. When they were ill last year, papa got down a couple of nurses from town, one for the day and one for the night, and we were not allowed to go near them for fear of infection, although I believe there was no danger really."

"I am afraid your papa would hardly agree to the governess plan for yourself, laudable though it be. How would you like a life of adventure and travel?"

"Ah, travelling would be delightful. We have often wanted papa to take us for a foreign tour, but I don't think he would like it, and then Mrs. Peevor is so delicate."

"But it is not necessary to travel with one's papa always. You might join a party of friends, for example." Then—after a pause—"Is Mr. Hancakes much of a traveller?"

"How can you be so absurd?" replied Lucy, laughing and blushing, as she turned her head away from her companion's searching gaze. "No, Mr. Hancakes would not leave London and his beloved counting-house for the world. But I should think a life of foreign adventure would be much pleasanter than living in England. England is so stupid and dull—don't you think so?"

"I can't say that I have found it so—especially of late; but still, life in India may have its charms too—don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed," said Lucy, eagerly, and then looking up and meeting his eyes fixed

on her, she saw the trap which had been laid, and she added in some confusion, "or any other country too."

"Italy, for example?"

"Oh yes, I should think it would be delightful to travel in Italy; I do long to see Rome." Little Lucy was trembling with excitement and nervousness combined, and hardly knew what she was saying.

Here a shabby idea possessed Yorke. He saw his power over the poor girl, but still played with her feelings. So he went on: "Was your last visitor from Italy, or going there?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I suppose you have had visitors staying in the house before now, and that then perhaps some other country had the preference over the land of my adoption."

"How can you be so cruel!" she replied, turning her face away indignantly, and then, after a moment's struggle between distress and pride, bursting into tears, stopping short as she did so to cover her face.

"Miss Peevor — Lucy — my dearest Lucy!" cried Yorke, also stopping, and then, after a moment's hesitation, encircling her waist with one arm, while with the other he sought to detach her hands, and make her look up at him. "Lucy, my love, don't cry. I have behaved like a brute; but you will show your forgiveness by looking up at me with your sweet eyes."

Lucy did as she was bid, thereby no doubt deserving the reprobation of every right-thinking young lady; she looked up, smiling through her tears, and Yorke, strengthening the embrace of his engaged arm, and holding her two little struggling hands in one of his, imprinted a kiss on her pretty little mouth. He no longer thought about the cold.

Just then they were interrupted. The children, unnoticed by them, had run back to where they were standing, and were looking up in consternation.

"Why are you crying, Lucy?" said Minnie, almost ready to cry herself from sympathy.

"Oocie trying 'cause it so told," said Lottie by way of explanation, catching hold of her elder sister's dress with her disengaged hand, while holding her little hoop with the other.

"Yes, dear," said Lucy, stooping down to kiss her little sister, by way of hiding her confusion, "it's very cold, isn't it? let us take a run together;" and holding Lottie by the hand she pressed forward by way of hiding her confusion; while Yorke,

giving a hand to little Minnie, and pushing on to keep his place beside her, could see that her face, as she looked downwards with averted glance, expressed mingled confusion and happiness.

A few steps made in silence brought them to the foot of the hill, and with an abrupt turn in the road the river came suddenly open to view, running at their feet. The road here branched right and left to Shoalbrook and Castleroyal. No longer the clear placid stream which, shaded by leafy banks, yielded a constant summer delight to denizen of town and country for miles around; yet still the leafless bushes and trees glowing rich red under the winter sun, sparkling with frosty spiracles, and set off by the deep blue background tints, formed a scene full of beauty of its own kind.

On their right, a short distance down the stream, separated from the bank by the towing-path and a little garden, was a wayside inn. A place, no doubt, of much resort in summer; but now the arbour in front was bare and naked; the little tables and forms on each side of the garden-path were tenantless; and except that a column of smoke rose from the chimney into the still air, the house itself looked to be empty.

On the left the road to Castleroyal receded somewhat from the river, the space between the two being occupied as garden-grounds, the houses standing in which, secluded in summer, could now be distinguished through the leafless branches, some small, some large, till the view was bounded by a bend in the river, just where the spire of a country church appeared amidst a grove of venerable elms.

The children began throwing bits of stick into the water, watching them float down the stream.

"That is our boat-house," said Lucy at last, by way of breaking the awkward silence, "on the other side. Papa had it put there to be out of the way of the towing-path."

"It looks a big place to keep a boat in," replied her companion, glad for the moment to pursue indifferent subjects. Must he tell Lucy at once what a mere remnant of a heart he had to offer her? Somehow the fraction seemed just then a good deal larger than he had been accustomed to deem it.

"There are several boats kept there," she rejoined; "the big boat, and the little boat, and Fred's wherry, and Cathy's and my canoes — it is such fun canoing, but

we are never allowed to use them except when Fred is here; and then there is the sailing-boat, and the steam-barge."

"A steam-barge? What is that used for?"

"Papa thought it would be very nice to have a steamer for picnic parties, and it was great fun at first steaming up ever so fast against stream; but one soon got tired of sitting in it doing nothing, and I don't think we had it out once all last summer. Papa keeps a man to look after the engine, and lends it to any one who wants it." Lucy rattled on in this way, trying to recover her composure, which was in danger of giving way whenever, glancing up, she caught Yorke's face looking at her with an expression she had never seen it wear before. There was no guile in little Lucy's heart, nor any cause for suspicion in her lover's. Her father, no doubt, wanted her to find a mate of some sort, but no pressure had been needed in this case. Surrounded by almost boundless wealth, these girls had yet led a thoroughly secluded life; this hero, who had appeared like a star among the humdrum people who made up her father's visiting acquaintance, seemed to be the first gentleman, except Fred, whom she had ever known. The noble creature had won her simple little heart at first sight; and now the hopes she had hardly dared form were realized. He had called her his dearest Lucy, and kissed her, and was now looking down fondly on her face. This hero and petted man of fashion, who might no doubt have had his choice of damsels moving in fashionable circles of which she had never stepped on even the outer edge, had deigned to smile on her and was really hers! and to think that only a few weeks ago she had been nearly prevailed on for very pity to accept Mr. Hancakes, when he asked her for the fourth time!

ful," these will tell you, any more than there is a universal panacea; and the true rule of life is to give your attention wholly, and without reserve, to each thing as it comes. As for the enterprise of saving your soul many have set forth on that quest; much experience has been gathered by this time of that system of life. And what conclusion does the evidence lead us to? Is there a more miserable creature than he who makes it his sole concern to save his soul? Is he not, for practical purposes, a person of diseased mind? Does he not too often in the end sink into actual madness? What more wretched chapter in human history than that which records the more conspicuous examples of men plagued with this fixed idea—kings trembling before their confessors, and Pretenders such as Bolingbroke describes, actuated ever by fear of "the horns of the devil and of the flames of hell!"

But such arguments do not quite succeed in robbing the old maxims of their impressiveness. The majestic sounds overawe us in spite of our scepticism. They may, we feel, have been misinterpreted so as to lead to lamentable results, and be true for all that. It happens here, as in most of the passionate attacks made in these days upon Christianity, that when all is said, only the ecclesiastical gloss upon the maxim has been shaken, not the maxim itself, and there remains a shrewd suspicion that this would prove true after all, if we could discover the original sense of it, or hit upon the modern application.

After all, the doctrine that man has a soul which can be saved or lost is not to be exploded by any change either in religious or philosophical belief. The doctrine that there is one thing needful, and that one thing religion, may, it seems to me, be propounded with as much confidence now as in the most orthodox ages. And indeed such notions are not peculiar to Christianity; peculiar to Christianity is only the skill that brings them home to all mankind alike, and the world-redeeming faith which resolves to make common to all what seems by its nature only accessible to the few; no doubt an enterprise involving the necessary risk of giving rise to monstrous perversions and delusions, which an exclusive philosophy is exempt from.

Mr. Carlyle, with many of the Germans whom he has followed, and of the English who follow him, has always insisted much upon this point. He dislikes all ecclesiastical systems, almost as much as

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#### NATURAL RELIGION.

##### VI.

THOSE ancient words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and those other, "Thou art careful and cumbered about many things; but one thing is needful," seem now to many among us not as once, solemnly and surely true, but either true no longer, or monuments of what was from the beginning but a melancholy delusion. There is no such "one thing need-



Voltaire or his own Frederick could do; but religion and Christianity—these he declares to be eternally true, and the particular Christian oracles we have singled out he redelivers with all their old solemnity. He understands what is meant by losing or saving the soul. It means, he says, that “the difference between right and wrong is strictly infinite;” and that without exactly picturing to ourselves a Dantesque Inferno, still less a Mahometan Paradise, we still cannot say truer than that the man who chooses right saves his soul, and he who chooses wrong loses it eternally. And on this ground for a long time, both in Germany and here, there maintained itself outside of churches and priesthods a kind of prophetic Christianity without dogma, which was certainly far more Biblical than orthodoxy in the fire and elevation of its eloquence.

But it is not to preach a sermon in the vein, now somewhat exhausted, of Mr. Carlyle, any more than to preach an ordinary revival sermon, that we bring up again here these well-worn texts. Rather do we wish to remark that the emphatic school of moralists finds the world almost as sceptical nowadays as the preachers of religion and theology. Mr. Carlyle is, we fear, almost as much offended by the latest fashion in thought as any divine can be; the deductions drawn in journalism and conversation from the system of evolution are very different from the severely moral utterances of its responsible teachers; and it seems at present just as likely that morality will be subverted as that it will be reinvigorated by the revolution in thought now proclaimed.

Is it true then, after all, that it is so necessary to save your soul even in this moral sense? On one side we find the artist raising the question; he has long cherished a secret grudge against morality. He finds the prudery of virtue his great hindrance. He believes that it is our morality which prevents the modern world from rivalling the arts of Greece. He finds that even the individual artist seems corrupted and spoiled for his business if he allows morality to get too much control over him. The great masters, he notices, show a certain indifference, a certain superiority to it; often they audaciously defy it. Those artists who are loyal to it, may occasionally reach a high rank, but seldom the highest; criticism treats them with a respect that has something of pity in it. They are like the good boys in a school, whom the master makes a point of praising, though he much pre-

fers the clever ones. Looking at morality mainly from his professional point of view, the artist becomes most seriously and unaffectedly sceptical about the supremacy it claims for itself. He sees that it interferes with art, and he does not in his soul believe that such interference is compensated by any good done to society. Right may be a grand thing, but so is beauty, and for his part he understands beauty better. If the interests of the two should conflict, he would like to see morals go down. He sides with the Medicean world against Savonarola, with the theatre against the Puritans or Jeremy Collier. He does not in any sense admit the current platitudes, and he would rather on his deathbed have it to reflect that he had painted a really good picture, or written a really good poem, than that he had done his duty under great temptations, and at great sacrifices. He had rather leave the world enriched and embellished, than do some dismal deed of virtue which perhaps, like the majority of really virtuous deeds, would not even prove a good subject for a poem or a novel.

There is another class which looks on the life of virtue with cold dissatisfaction. How much better, the scientific investigator often thinks, to have advanced our knowledge of the laws of the universe only by a step than to have lived the most virtuous life or died the most self-sacrificing death! The struggles of virtuous men in nine cases out of ten are thrown away; their active heroism or active philanthropy is only far too active. If they could only curb this restlessness and be content to “sit still in a room,” how much better it would be! As he looks at it from the opposite point of view to the artist, the man of science may think the career of virtue attractive enough indeed, for it has more variety and incident than his own uniform labour in the study or the laboratory, but he despises it as popular, and distrusts its results. All such action strikes him as premature, the convictions on which it is based as unscientific. We must understand more than we do about sociology before we can sacrifice either ourselves or our time to the reform or to the conservation of any existing system, political or social. In the present state of our knowledge it is mere charlatanry to take a part; it is a proof of philosophic incapacity to allow our judgment to incline to one side rather than to the other. The laws of the universe can actually be, to an indefinite extent, unveiled; the process is going on



rapidly, and infinitely more labourers are wanted to gather in the harvest. In these circumstances it is a kind of sin (if the expression is scientific) to occupy oneself in any other task. We have nothing to do but think, observe, and write. And thus we enter upon a life to which the platitudes current about virtue have no application. To the student consumed by the passion of research, right and wrong become to a great extent meaningless words. He has little time for any tasks into which morality could possibly enter. Instead of "conduct" making up, as Mr. Arnold says, four-fifths or five-sixths of life, to such a person it makes a most inconsiderable fraction of life. He has his occupation, which consumes his time and his powers. There may be virtue in the choice of such a life at the first in preference to one more worldly or selfish. But when once he has made the choice, the activity of virtue in his daily life is reduced to a minimum. His pursuit stands to him in the place of friends, so that he has but few and slight ties to society. And the pursuit itself may be a solitary one, not leading him to have associates in his working-hours. But though so solitary, such a life may be to him, if not satisfying, yet preferable beyond comparison, and on the most solid grounds, to any other life he knows of. It may be full of an occupation for the thoughts, so inexhaustibly interesting as to make *ennui*, in such a man's life, an extinct and almost fabulous form of evil; at the same time it may be full of the sense of progress made both by the individual himself and by the race through his labours. And yet, though so peaceful and, compared with most lives, so happy, such a life may be almost entirely out of relation alike to virtue and to vice. Instead of that painful conflict with temptation which moralists describe, there may be an almost unbroken peace arising from the absence of temptation; instead of the gradual formation of virtuous habits, there may be the gradual disuse of all habits except the habit of thought and study; there may be perpetual self-absorption without what is commonly called selfishness, total disregard of other people, together with an unceasing labour for the human race; a life in short like that of the vestal, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," yet without any love or heavenly communion.

I have described two classes of people from whom the Christian doctrine of "saving the soul," whether in the orthodox sense or in that larger sense given it by

Mr. Carlyle, runs off like water. In these sceptical days they are likely to reject the first as untrue, and that distinction of right and wrong, proclaimed by moralists with such unbounded emphasis, leaves them unconvinced and uninterested. The one class reserve all their enthusiasm for beauty, while the other can see indeed an infinite difference between truth and error, and astonish the moralist himself by the emphasis with which they denounce what is unscientific or unverified; but as to right and wrong it is a distinction they very seldom have occasion for, and which seems to them, to say the least, scarcely to deserve the solemnity with which moralists invest it.

And thus in these days, those who preach religion as the one thing needful, however boldly they strip religion of its husk of dogma, and reduce it to the simple and severe notion of duty, meet with much opposition, and that of a firm, assured, deliberate kind. The artist and the man of science insist that they each know of something in its way as good as religion — that dignity, fulness, and nobleness can be given to human life as much by the worship of beauty, or the pursuit of truth, as by devotion to duty.

Now it is not our object here to combat these heresies. We are not about to undertake to show that after all the moral principle is that which is highest in man, or point out what bad effects follow in communities when either art or science usurp the honours which belong to virtuous action. Much might be said on these topics, but what we remark here is that such heresies, so far from implying any depreciation of religion as such, tacitly presuppose its unique importance, and so far from tending to show that religion is after all not the one thing needful, derive all their plausibility from the assumption that it is. For what is it that is alleged in behalf of art and science by those who take such high views of them? Is it alleged that they are sufficient for human life in spite of having no affinity with religion? Or is it not rather for the contrary reason that they are themselves of the nature of religion! The artist does not say to the moralist, "I am as good as you, though you worship and I do not:" but he says, "It is because you are so narrow-minded that you charge me with having no religion. I do not admit the charge; and it is just because I feel that I have a religion as truly as you, though of a different kind, that I question your superiority. Yours is the religion of right,

mine is the religion of beauty; they differ, no doubt, as their objects differ, but they agree in having the nature of religion. Elevated feelings, feelings that lift man above himself, admiration become habitual, and raised into a principle of life, a lively sensitiveness when disrespect or indifference are shown towards the object of our worship, these are common to both." Not less does the man of science value himself on having a religion; it is the religion of law and of truth. Nay, he for his part is often disposed to regard himself as not only more religious, but actually more virtuous than the moralist. For he believes that his love of truth is more simple, more unreserved, and more entirely self-sacrificing than that of the moralist, whom he suspects occasionally of suppressing or disguising truth for fear of hurting people's habits by shaking their opinions or of offending weak brethren. It is evident then that if the same men say at other times that they care nothing for religion, or that they disbelieve religion, they are not to be taken as speaking of religion as such, but of the particular religion which prevails in their neighbourhood. The popular Christianity of the day, in short, is for the artist too melancholy and sedate, and for the man of science too sentimental and superficial; in short it is too melancholy for the one and not melancholy enough for the other. They become, therefore, dissenters from the existing religion; sympathizing too little with the popular worship, they worship by themselves and without outward form. But they protest at the same time that in strictness they separate from the religious bodies around them only because they themselves know of a purer or a happier religion.

And so after all the old maxim stands fast, and man has a soul, which if he lose it will be of small profit to him to gain the whole world. For say to the artist, "Never mind the moralists who affront you so much by their solemn airs; what do you think of the man who neither worships with them nor yet with you, who is insensible to beauty as well as to right?" In a moment he who but now was quarrelling with your language will turn round and borrow it. "The man," he will say, "whose heart never goes forth in yearnings or in blessings towards beautiful things, before whom all forms pass and leave him as cold as before, who simply labels things or prices them for the market, but never worships or loves, of such a man we may say that he has *no soul*; and however for-

tunate he may be esteemed, or may esteem himself, he remains always essentially poor and miserable." More sublime still is and always has been the contempt of philosophy, which now we call science, for those who merely live from hand to mouth without an object or a plan, the "*curvæ in terris animæ, et cælestium inanes*." Neither school yield in any degree to the moralist in the emphasis with which they brand the mere worldling, or by whatever name they distinguish the man who is devoted to nothing, who has no religion and no soul, Philistine or hireling or dilettante. Only in the tone of their censure is there a certain difference; the artist, except when he rises to the height of a Blake, does not get beyond irritation and annoyance; the philosopher smites them with cold sarcasm; the moralist, or he whom in the narrower sense we call religious, assails them by turns with solemn denunciation and pathetic entreaty. This last alone, when it crosses his mind, and he realizes for a moment what is to him so incredible, that there are those who "mind earthly things," says it "*even weeping*."

Surely it would clear our vision very much, and help us to see our way in the intricate controversy of our time if we recognized that Christianity struggles not merely, as we commonly say, with irreligion and scepticism, which, by-the-by, we think of as different forms of the same thing, but with irreligion on the one hand and with rival religions on the other. Irreligion is only another name for sloth, brutality, and stupidity; it is an enemy hard to beat, and takes as much killing as the hydra, but aggressively it is not formidable. The really formidable antagonists are the rival religions whose true nature we misunderstand because we describe them by the negative name of scepticism or unbelief. They would not be formidable if they were mere negations, for a negation inspires no enthusiasm and makes no missionaries. It is not because they think Christianity untrue that these schools attack it, but because they think it obscures the true religion in which mankind should seek its salvation. Now what are these rival religions which attack Christianity, not out of mere wickedness or dullness, but with enthusiasm and confidence? We have spoken of them in this paper under the names of art and science, but those who have read the earlier papers of this series will remember that we thought we could discern in the whole religious history of mankind the conflict of three forms of religion. There was the re-

ligion of visible things, or paganism, which though generally a low type of religion, yet in its classical form became the nursing mother of art; there was the religion of humanity in its various forms, of which the principal is Christianity; lastly, there was the religion of God, which worships a unity conceived in one way or another as holding the universe together. We found that these forms of religion, though theoretically distinguishable, seldom appear in their distinctness, and that in particular Christianity, pre-eminently the religion of humanity, is yet also a religion of Deity. Now if we apply these categories to the controversies of our own time, we shall say that we see the ancient religion of humanity, which has so long reigned among us under the name of Christianity, assailed on the one side by the higher paganism, under the name of art, and on the other side by a peculiarly severe and stern form of theism, under the name of science. And when we look back over the history of the Church we see that it has always been struggling with these two rival religions, and that the only peculiarity of our own age is the confident and triumphant manner in which the two enemies advance to the attack from opposite sides.

But now upon this conflict there are two remarks to be made. The first is, that it is not in any way an internecine conflict, but rather a struggle for independence and for a frontier. Christianity, so long the reigning religion, has been intolerant and exclusive, and so the other religions have been driven to take up a position of hostility; but a quarrel like this is capable of arrangement. Christianity has never denied the right of the other two worships to a certain position, though she has striven to make it a dependent one. She has been somewhat too puritanical and somewhat unkind to art; but she has not attempted to turn all men into monks, and she has actually employed Angelo and Raffaele to build and to paint for her, Dante and Milton to make her poetry, Handel and Haydn to compose her music. She has behaved towards science jealously and suspiciously; yet she herself had her Aquinas in one age and her Pascal in another. On the other hand, both artists and philosophers have done homage to her, nor can any successful attack upon her be made from either side without provoking an earnest and eager reaction in her favour; as we see now arising in the very midst of the scientific school those who proclaim a new religion of humanity and organize it as much as

possible in accordance with the traditions of the old.

The other remark to be made is, that however these religions may jangle among themselves, they are, or should be, united against the common foe, which is irreligion. Those fundamental oracles of Christianity with which I began this paper belong to all religions alike, and are pretty well beyond the reach of controversy. It is not true that the controversies of the age must end in paralyzing action, or that plain men must remain without a religion till they are settled. Whatever may be the case with religions, religion remains fixed. Whatever may be true or false, there is in any case the world to be renounced and the soul to be saved.

We seem to have become incapable of conceiving that there can be any religion in a serious sense except Christianity, and still more incapable of imagining that other religions may not only exist, but may have in their own place their truth and value. And hence we have ceased to attach its proper meaning to the word irreligion, and have grown accustomed to confuse it with opposition, theoretical or practical, to Christianity. But in truth, religion that is false or crude and inadequate, has no more resemblance to irreligion than religion that is true. It may indeed be no less formidable an evil; nay, at times it may be more formidable, as in the religious wars of the sixteenth century the cynic who cared for neither party, even though his indifference sprang from mere sordidness of nature, may at times have been less mischievous than the enthusiast. But whether worse or better, irreligion is always essentially and entirely unlike religion, while false and true religions are always like each other just so far as they are religions. Without some ardent condition of the feelings religion is not to be conceived; we have defined religion as habitual and regulated admiration; if the object of such admiration be unworthy we have a religion positively bad and false; if it be not the highest object we have an imperfect and inadequate religion; but irreligion consists in the absence of all such objects, and in a state of the feelings not ardent, but cold and torpid.

It is most easy to illustrate this distinction by referring to the early history of Christianity itself. Christianity, we know, subdued in succession the paganisms, the false or inadequate religions of Europe; it suppressed first the classical, then the Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Slavonic superstitions. But in the New Testament

for the most part, and particularly in the Gospels, we do not find it opposed to enemies of this kind. Christ opposes no form of false religion, but a different thing, which answers to what we have called irreligion. Before that giant Pagan, which in Bunyan's days had been dead so many a long year, Christianity had fought with another giant, World. I suppose it is one of the most original achievements of the New Testament to have brought home to men this conception of the world. A kind of conspiracy of irreligion, or union of all that is stagnant, inert, mechanical, and automatic into a coherent tyrannous power and jealous consentient opinion, this is what the New Testament puts before us as the world; and it represents religion as consisting in renunciation of it and separation from it. *Conventionalism*, indeed, is the modern expression by which we call that which stands here for the opposite of religion; and we can judge from this in what way religion itself was conceived, for the opposite of conventionalism is freshness of feeling, enthusiasm.

Everything akin to vital energy is inconsistent with the world as it is painted in the Gospels. Christianity there is never brought into contact with anything vigorous or enthusiastic. No artist lost in the worship of sensual beauty crosses the stage, no philosopher consumed with the thirst for truth. How such characters would have been treated by Christianity in its earliest days we cannot tell, perhaps with something of repugnance or hostility. But they could never have been classed with those whom Christianity actually attacked, the demure slaves of fashion and convention. They might be thought to be addicted to a false or dangerous religion, but they could not be called worldlings. Probably they would have been judged with favour, for it accords with the fundamental characteristic of the gospel to extol vitality at the expense of propriety — those who love much, Magdalens, publicans, prodigals, at the expense of those most honoured by public opinion.

Irreligion, then, is life without worship, and the world is the collective character of those who do not worship. When worship is eliminated from life, what remains? There are animal wants to be satisfied, a number of dull cravings to be indulged, and paltry fears to be appeased; moreover, because worship is never really quite dead, but only feeble, there is some poor convention in place of an ideal, and a few prudish crotchets in place of virtues. Yet

a society may live on in this condition, if political or physical conditions are favourable, without falling into any enormous corruptions, and may often in its moral statistics contrast favourably with one which some great but perverted enthusiasm has hurried into evil. Its fault is simply that it has no soul, or to use the old Biblical phrase, has no salt in itself; or again, to use the modern German paraphrase which Mr. Carlyle is so fond of, has no soul to save the expense of salt. Now it is against this condition, we say, against irreligion pure and simple as distinguished from any forms of false religion, that there always has been, and is, particularly in our own time, a remarkable agreement of authorities.

It may, indeed, often appear that the disregard of animal wants and the renunciation of the world preached in the New Testament, are exaggerated. Animal wants in our northern climates and since slavery was disused have become more imperious than they were in ancient times, and the education of recent centuries has led us to approve a certain kind and degree of worldliness. Even prejudices, social conventions, and decorums may no doubt be condemned too unreservedly. But granting all this by way of abatement, the general truth of the New-Testament doctrine is clearer now than it has been in many ages (so called) of religious agreement. There has never been a time when the necessity of religion, in the broad sense of the word, has been so clear, as there has never been a time when its value in the narrow sense has been so much disputed. If, now that art and science have attained complete independence of the Church, and the monopoly even of moral influence is withdrawn from her by systems of independent morality, secular education and the like, we give the name of religion to that confined domain which is still left to the Church, it will seem as insignificant as the States of the Church have been in our time compared to the dominion held by Hildebrand or Innocent. But if we understand that all culture alike rests upon religion, religion being not simple, but threefold, and consisting of that worship of visible things which leads to art, that worship of humanity which leads to all moral disciplines, and principally the Christian, and that worship of God which is the soul of all philosophy and science; if we recognize, on the other hand, that the absence of religion is the absence not of one of these kinds of worship, but of all — in other words, that it is the paralysis



of the power of admiration, and as a consequence, the predominance of the animal wants and the substitution of automatic custom for living morality; then we shall recognize, on the one hand, that never was religion so much wanted among us, and on the other hand, that there was never so much agreement about it among thinkers.

It was never so much wanted, because of all nations our own best understands what may be made of the world, and best knows how to make life tolerable without religion. We of all nations most thoroughly see through that false unworldliness which begins in the want of self-respect and ends in mendicancy; it is we who have placed among the virtues our national "self-help," which so absolutely confounds well-being with wealth, and makes the highest object of life to be a livelihood. Providence in these later centuries at least seems to have indulged us in this safe and low view of life; for our insular position has allowed to sleep in us all those high thoughts which have been aroused in other nations by pressing national danger, while our close connection with the New World infects us somewhat with the commonness of colonial thought, and our good fortune in political institutions helps us to keep up a good appearance before the world. Hence we are able with greater complacency than almost any society to indulge in a view of life not so much unchristian as irreligious, a life not so much of perverted ideals and worship, as devoid of ideals and worship. Other nations follow after false gods, and tear each other to pieces out of some mistaken devotion; how long is it since *we* did anything of the kind? Our temptation is not to false religion, but to irreligion. It is not the Christian alone who complains that Englishmen can only understand their creed when they have translated it into the language of the counting-house, but the other religions complain of us just as much. The higher paganism makes few converts among us, so that artists complain that in England all art is turned into a business, while science, on the other hand, can only make way by disguising itself under the name of technical education, and pleading that it alone can save our manufacturers from being beaten out of the market by foreign competition.

Of all those acts of religious self-sacrifice, monastic vows, etc., of which former ages were so full, the true counterpart or equivalent in these days is that a man should not for mere wealth submit him-

self to a course of life which to him has no spiritual value, and that when any religious vocation, whether to art or to science, or to Christian duty and philanthropy, is strong in him, a man should abandon meaner pleasures to follow such a vocation. Judged by this test, ours surely is the least religious of all countries; for it is the country where the largest number of people lead, for mere superfluous wealth, a life that they themselves despise; the country where vocations are oftenest deliberately disobeyed or trifled with, where artists oftenest paint falsely, and literary men write hastily for money, and where men born to be philosophers, or scientific discoverers, or moral reformers, oftenest end ignominiously in large practice at the bar.

Or take another test. Would you know whether a man has an ideal? Look what he does with his children, for he will try to fulfil it in them. Themselves, for the most part, men feel to be failures; necessarily, for we carve ourselves while we are learning the art of sculpture. Children are, as it were, fresh blocks of marble in which if we have any ideal we have a new and better chance of realizing it, because we may work on them as mature artists. Look, then, how the English people treat their children. Try and discover from the way they train them, from the education they give them, what they wish them to be. You will find that they have ceased, almost consciously ceased, to have any ideal at all. Traces may still be observed of an old ideal not quite forgotten: here and there a vague notion of instilling hardihood, a really decided wish to teach frankness and honesty, and, in a large class, also good manners; but these after all are negative virtues. What do they wish their children to aim at? What pursuits do they desire for them? Except that when they grow up they are to make or have a livelihood, and take a satisfactory position in society, and in the mean while that it would be hard for them not to enjoy themselves heartily, most parents would be puzzled to say what they wish for their children. And, whatever they wish, they wish so languidly that they entrust the realization of it almost entirely to strangers, being themselves, so they say — and indeed the Philistine or irreligious person always is — much engaged. The parent, from sheer embarrassment and want of an ideal, has in a manner abdicated, and it has become necessary to set apart a special class for the cultivation of parental feelings and duties. The mod-

ern schoolmaster should change his name, for he has become a kind of standing or professional parent.

All this, perhaps, is generally allowed, and by most it is vaguely regretted; though some think it has been made out by political economy that no man need, or indeed ought, to engage in any occupation which will not bring him in at least two or three thousand a year. And yet our first economist is precisely the writer who has most emphatically denounced this view of life. What Mill calls liberty, or individuality, is precisely what other moralists call soul; it is, indeed, looked at from the scientific side, what we have here argued to be the essence of religion. To have an individuality, is the same thing as to have an ideal; and to have an ideal, is to have an object of worship—it is to have a religion. To a philosopher like Mill this ideal presents itself in the form of a system of well-reasoned opinions; to the artist it presents itself otherwise, and to the Christian again otherwise. And, as has been said, much depends upon the form the ideal takes; there are great differences between the worship of beauty, duty, and reason. But against those who have no ideal, and who live wholly without worship, against that sect, which numbers so many followers amongst ourselves, who recognize no intrinsic values but only value in exchange, all these worshippers are at one. And they include all who are supposed to have anything to say about the ends of life. What Mill says in the name of philosophy is echoed by Ruskin—however much they may differ on economical questions—in the name of art; both have the same enemy in the commonness, the worldliness they see threatening to overwhelm us; and both again are in accord with the voices that are raised in the name of morality, from Carlyle denouncing shams, or Thackeray working out the old Christian conception of the world with inexhaustible detail in "Vanity Fair," to the humblest novelist who could never make out his three volumes without the eternal contrast between conventionalism and genuine feeling—or, in other words, life without worship and life with it; and all alike do but repeat, in these days when it is said there is no agreement about religion, those maxims which have always made the basis of the religion of Christendom—that "there is one thing needful," and that "it shall profit a man nothing, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### AN UNIMPORTANT PERSON.

#### IV.

So the summer days went slowly by like bees laden with sweetness. Of many such days no record will be given. If anybody should read the previous chapters, he or she will be glad to pass lightly on from bath and bacon to supper and sleep, and again from supper and sleep, through star-gazing watches, to bath and bacon. Clodthorpe is a very dull town, and hundreds of less eventful histories might be written of its inhabitants. It is a solemn thought. The time, over which we pass, was a time of rare beauty. It was warm summer, but not parched and bare; for still rain fell in the nights, and lo! in the morning the country had renewed her spring. But melancholy comes with the riches of the year, and together they had come to Christopher. His life was no longer solitary, nor spent among the splendours and intrigues of a phantom and highly artificial society. In the place of daring page and scheming prelate, were Martin Carter and the Rev. Giles Warner: for court-ladies, schoolgirls gathered round Hermione Dale, before whose eyes the proud princess was fading. There was also a duenna. Miss Anne Winch was that sister of the sisterhood whose mission was the repulse of the other sex. When sister Hermione became acquainted with two young men, sister Anne rose between her and danger, as in obedience to natural laws, soft and strong as a sand-bank, against which the light artillery of dashing Mr. Carter might thunder in vain. Meanwhile the little schoolmistress, though she resented the presence of her placid dragon as wholly unnecessary, was very happy. Perhaps from her knowledge of the character of the naughty girl, aided by her feminine intuition of such matters, she had inferred Martin's admiration of herself. It is certain that his ardour and his ready talk were to her a new and delightful experience. Brought up between four walls, and among women more or less weak, she had long felt herself immeasurably wiser than her acquaintances. She knew as well what Susan or Tabitha would do at each slight variation of circumstances, as if one were an acid and the other an alkali. If the one always took cream before sugar, was not the other equally consistent in taking sugar before cream? Even in dull Clodthorpe could be found no duller folk than Tabitha and Susan. Debarred from the noblest



study of mankind, Hermione took to theology, and made her books an excuse for solitude. She worked archaic samplers also, and strange garments for singers. She loitered among the flowers, making a pretty picture, and fancying herself a scientific gardener. Had she not gained a real interest in her small scholars, she would have led a sham life, playing the nun, musing over her religious emotions, and believing, except in some painful moments of self-knowledge, that she was a very superior woman. In fact this charming girl was half a prig, when she was affected by the new influence of her erratic adorer. For adorer he was, as Christopher knew. If the ardent and sometimes brilliant talk of the young man was pleasant to the thirsty mind of the young woman, her cool judgment and intuition of right and wrong was inexpressibly delightful to his wayward character. After the first week of their acquaintance he was as ready to accept her decision on all practical matters, as she was to give it; and it is worthy of remark that having once accepted it he very rarely maintained the opposite. Christopher confessed to himself that his friend became more steady. Even his vague religiosity was being concentrated by Miss Dale's occasional precepts into a qualified support of the church of the Rev. Giles Warner. As to the priest himself, Martin soon maintained that his influence with the poor was greater than that of any man since Wesley. There was a strange combination of Ritualist and Methodist in the man who was the theological adviser of sister Hermione. He was fond of colour and processions, but somewhat lax as to forms. He had barely escaped persecution for his love of the illegal candle: he had roused the envy of a travelling revivalist by capping his most popular prayer with a better. He was very attentive to Mr. Carter, combating his opinions as if they were vastly important. Now flattery cannot be administered by an older to a younger man in a more delicate and effective form; and in this case it extracted from the youth his views on all subjects divine and human. The priest in return made himself agreeable by small favours. Now he displayed an interesting family of the poor and honest; now he dropped an exquisite fragment of mediæval legend. Now he showed the open working of a stimulating charity; and anon suggested the existence of a proselytizing society. It was strange that a man so full of good works

should give so much time to an impulsive and erratic young man, though Martin did not think so. Yet he was mightily pleased by this clerical condescension, and when he found himself at the hour of evensong in his friend's company and close to St. Polycarp's, he seldom refused to enter. The church was brilliantly lighted to attract the class to whom light is a luxury, and warmly coloured for the pleasure of uneducated senses. There Martin Carter would stand amid the natives of the surrounding slums, and at the end of the service thunder out hymn after hymn, while the congregation were roused to fresh exertions by their friendly pastor. Martin had a big bass voice, and liked to hear it.

So the friendship between the clergyman and the layman grew side by side with the love of the youth for the maiden, until one day a remarkable conversation took place. The Rev. Giles Warner invited his friend to walk, and the two set forth together. It was evening, but still hot, and they chose the shady hollows of the easy hills. At the first pause in Martin's talk the priest made a remark. "What a charming young lady Miss Dale is!" he said. This set the other off again. When he had exhausted all the terms of praise in the English language, Mr. Warner quietly expressed his agreement. "Quite so," he said, and added, in a meditative manner, "it is very unfortunate that she should be alone in the world, and so poor in worldly wealth. She is well fitted for the command of money."

"Why?" asked his companion, sharply.

"She has so much sense and so much goodness. She might be of infinite service."

Upon this the younger man burst forth in indignant comment, maintaining, with much passion and volubility, that a woman's sense and virtue are the very qualities which make her a good wife for a poor man. When he paused for breath, the priest, smiling gently, and shaking his head, observed, "Very true; but if the good and wise woman be rich also, she may benefit not one man, but a thousand. There is great power in money."

This talk was as the converse of whip and top. The whip gave a cut, and off went the top for a long spin. It spun buzzing against riches. Rich men care for nothing but to grow more rich. Their charity is ostentation, and generally harmful. It is the poor who help the poor. So may these buzzings be compressed.

The youth was by this time too excited to remark that his companion was watching him narrowly, almost eagerly.

"Why," he cried, presently, yielding half-consciously to his tendency to present himself as an illustration, "I might be a rich man as I chose."

"Indeed!" questioned the priest, with a smile, in which there was just enough of doubt to goad the young man into further revelations.

"I suppose I may say so. I am the only near relative of my uncle, who made a pile of money, and owns a big place in Hampshire."

"Is it possible," asked the other, seemingly much surprised, "that you are related to the great Sir Abraham Carter?"

"Ex-mayor, inventor and patentee of the Cantharic stain-eradicator, at 6d. the stick, J.P., country gentleman, and Tory M.P.," cried Martin, laughing bitterly, and emphasizing each title with his stick.

"And you are not on good terms?" asked the other, in a tone of real concern. "Pardon me," he added, quickly, "if I overstep —"

"Oh, not at all," said Martin. "If to be turned out of the house is a sign of displeasure and a cause of annoyance, I may say that we are not on good terms. He disapproved of my advising the application of the patent eradicator to his own reputation."

"How very unfortunate! But the place? Perhaps the place is entailed upon you?"

"No; he has everything in his own hands. You see I was not wrong in saying that I might be rich. I have but to go humbly to my uncle the eradicator, and I am heir to his ill-gotten gains."

"Wealth ill-gained may be sanctified by its use," suggested the priest.

"That is a damnable doctrine," cried the layman, hotly; "I beg your pardon, but it is."

"Well, well," said the other, soothingly; "then there is no hope of Sir Abraham pardoning you?"

"None. The truth is that I incidentally showed him up in print. I referred to him as an example of successful fraud, and he did not like it."

"Not unnaturally. You write for the press? How did he know that it was your article?"

"I signed it. It was in the *Bi-monthly*," said Martin, naming a periodical famous for plain speaking. One of his friends asserted that Martin wrote for the *Bi-monthly* because he could pour out

as much abuse as he chose, and sign his name in full at the bottom of it. One of his enemies refused to answer an attack on the ground that Martin Carter would any day rather be kicked downstairs than not noticed.

"The *Bi-monthly*," repeated the Rev. Giles Warner, musing; "a very interesting periodical—very; but not, I fear, a mine of wealth for the contributors."

"I have something of my own," said the young man, carelessly; "four or five hundred a year."

"And you have attacked your rich uncle in the *Bi-monthly*? Well, well, you young men are very bold. I fear we must part here, and, by-the-by, perhaps for some time. I start for another conference this evening."

"A conference? Where? What about?" asked the youth, who was interested in everything.

"On ecclesiastical affairs. Good-bye, till we meet again. Good-bye, good-bye." With an affectionate pressure of the hand, and some contempt and pity in his heart, the Rev. Giles Warner left his friend, and passed quickly into St. Polycarp's.

Martin went home feeling rather cross. He wondered why he had been so egotistical. A man always feels the vanity of the world when he has talked more than is his wont about himself. He had an uneasy impression that he had been posturing before his friend.

The next morning Mr. Carter, having recovered from his unusual fit of self-distrust, was watching the customary stream of small folk who passed the window. Presently the green gate opened in a manner which showed the decision of an adult. The young man turned quickly, and with a bright smile of welcome. This pleasant expression yielded to a look of profound dismay, as the gate was sharply closed, and he found himself confronted by the inexpressive countenance of Miss Anne Winch.

v.

Now were the summer days most waspish, and each in passing left her sting in Martin Carter. He could hear nothing of Hermione Dale. At first he was energetic and confident. He dashed from place to place asking questions. At the clergy-house he learned that the Rev. Giles Warner was exercising his persuasive faculty at a congress in Germany, and was too busy for private correspondence. To the dwelling of the sisterhood, which he

haunted, he could never gain admittance. He lay in wait for the sisters, and captured in succession the prudent Tabitha and the homely Susan. From the former he extracted the information that Hermione was with friends in London; from the latter, that there was no particular address. He made a sudden onslaught on Miss Anne Winch; but that least impressionable of women listened patiently for half an hour, and said nothing but good-bye. Then energy and confidence gave way to irritability and hope, and these in turn yielded to despair and loss of appetite. One morning, as Christopher watched his friend sitting moody before his coffee, and playing with his bacon, he was attacked by a most disturbing thought. It flashed across him that perhaps he might do something to help the sufferer. Now a mood of passive pity was not unpleasant to the student, but the idea of active help in this matter was singularly distasteful. He put it away from him, and buried himself in his books; but to no purpose. That thought was everywhere. When he looked down, he read it between the lines; when he looked up, he saw it on the wall. Instead of a profound work on particles, his book might have been an essay on the duties of friendship. By dinner-time he had almost yielded, and had hit upon the secondary and more comfortable consideration that he should certainly fail. During the meal his friend's silence seemed portentous. It was as if the mill-stream had ceased to turn the wheel, and the waking miller heard for the first time silence. When dinner was over, the student, as he was wont to do, strolled into the shady road; but at the hour of return to study he had his hand on the bell of the tall house, where the sisters lived. So he stood for a minute, then took his hand away, and went towards the river. He walked slowly to the bank, and turned up stream. The river with its great gentleness and little changes was always a good friend to the student. It soothed him in his hours of leisure, and helped him when he wished to think. It seemed as if under the pleasant tone of the water his scattered thoughts and feelings drew together without his effort and formed a purpose for him. The Thames was ever ready to tell him the right thing to do. When he had been walking for some time, he flung himself, face downwards, where the grass was cool, about an old tree and a tangled hedge, and lay thinking. He thought of many things more or less irrelevant, such as his earliest recollections of his mother,

Rosalind in the forest of Ardennes, a beetle all in green and gold who pushed through a tuft to look at him, the twitter of a bird above his head; and yet, when he had lain very still for an hour, he rose with a set purpose. When the small twittering bird hopped down to pry into the place where the strange visitor's face had been, she found her breast wet with unaccustomed dew. Christopher walked quietly down the river, quietly up the road, and rang the clanging bell of the gaunt house without a pause. In the door was a grating, of which these amateur nuns were mightily proud. Christopher, who was looking at the grating in expectation of the critical face of a subordinate sister, was much surprised to see two small brown hands grasp the bars. Presently between the hands rose the comical face of the naughty girl with twice its usual amount of mischief. "I thought it was you. I saw you in the road," she whispered, and disappeared. In a moment she opened the door, and pulled the young man in by the sleeve. "Hush! come on!" she said.

"But what are you doing here?" he asked, hanging back.

"Oh! I am here because I am so naughty. Come on, do."

"But I want to see Miss Winch."

"Well, I'll take you. She is in the lockatory."

"In the what?"

"In the lockatory. That's what they like to call it."

"Oh! the locutory! The parlour, eh?"

"Yes. Come on. I'll take you in. Only don't you go till I come back." With this warning the naughty girl pushed open a door in the passage, pushed Christopher towards it, and ran off on tip-toe. The young man entered the room, and found himself in the presence of Miss Anne Winch. Even this imperturbable woman was surprised.

"How did you get in?" she asked.

"I am so glad to find you at home," said he.

She looked as if the pleasure was not mutual.

"May I ask for news of Miss Dale?" he inquired, after an interval.

"Hermione is better, thank you."

"She has been ill?"

"Not seriously."

It was a remarkable conversation. Neither was a fluent talker. The longest, and indeed the most eloquent part of the dialogue were the pauses. Christopher stared at his boot, and Miss Winch took

up her work. Presently he asked, "Have you heard from her lately?"

She thought a while before she answered. "We have the latest news of her."

Here ensued a pause of unusual length. The lady moved in her chair, and directed at the gentleman that feminine look which insinuates without rudeness that a visit has been long enough. But Christopher sat still, mindful of the orders of the eccentric child, and having a great power of waiting. At last he asked, "When do you expect her back?"

"May I ask your reason for wishing to know?"

"I want to speak to her on a matter of importance."

The lady settled herself more firmly in her chair, and in her blandest voice observed, "Our dear Hermione is almost alone in the world. We could hardly permit the visits of a young man without an explanation."

"I wish that I could give you one. But there is another to be considered."

"You come on behalf of somebody else?" asked Miss Winch, almost betraying interest.

"I come on my own responsibility."

"And you cannot tell me your reason?"

"I fear not."

"Then," said Miss Anne Winch, slowly, "I fear that we shall gain nothing by prolonging this interview."

The situation was embarrassing for Christopher. To avoid moving he was forced to shut his eyes to the fact that she had half risen from her chair. But he was bent on delay. He sat still, and meditated. Presently he resumed the conversation by saying, "You will pardon me for asking if you are Miss Dale's guardian?"

"In some sort, yes."

"I mean in the eye of the law."

"Now you must pardon me in turn. You cannot expect a woman to understand the law."

Christopher rubbed his hat, pushed out one leg, and looked carefully at his foot, wondering what he should say next. After a pause Miss Winch rose, and said, still with much urbanity, "I must ask you to excuse me. It is a very busy day with us." The young man rose slowly, conscious and half ashamed of his feeling of relief. He had done his best, and failed.

"I am sorry to have troubled you," he said. "Good-day,"—and he moved towards the door. But he had not made two steps in that direction when the door opened, and he started back in surprise. On the threshold stood Hermione Dale,

rather pale, but calm. Christopher looked round at Miss Winch, probably with something of rebuke in his eyes, for she said quietly, "Did not you know that Hermione was in the house?" But though her voice was urbane as ever, there was a world of meaning in the glance which she turned on the little sister. Even at this crisis Miss Dale did not forget the dignity of the schoolmistress. She delivered her commands to the naughty girl, who stood in great glee behind her, before she advanced alone into the room. She held out her hand frankly to Christopher, and looked at sister Anne with an unmistakable expression. "Oh, certainly, if you wish it," said that lady, and left the room.

Then the student quietly and gravely pleaded the cause of another. He praised Martin's generosity, his brilliancy, his kind heart. He stated his own conviction that an able woman could concentrate and strengthen all that was good in him. He soon saw that he might finish his panegyric. Her face grew softer, and her eyes were moistened, as she heard him.

"I have no right to speak," she said abruptly; "but I saw how wretched he was. You will cure him?" he asked, with a sort of sob in his voice, and a foreknowledge of her answer, which made him smile grimly.

"Why did he not come?" she asked softly.

"He has been twenty times, but he never could get in."

"And yet you thought they would admit you?" she asked, half smiling.

"Yes. I am an unimportant sort of person." They had some further talk. Christopher learned that Hermione had been really unwell, and had been in London for a few days. On her return she found that her place at the school had been taken by Miss Winch, and that the Rev. Giles Warner had left for her a large mass of papers, with a request that they might be copied, and forwarded to him in Germany. She had been very busy, and a little surprised to hear nothing of her friends, until the naughty girl told her that one of them was in the house. Neither the young lady nor the student spoke much of the future; but before they parted, he knew that she would walk by the river that evening.

That evening Martin also walked by the river. The Thames has heard many love-stories as he loiters on his way. He is bound for the sea, but has time for many little works and pastimes. He winds idly through the level fields, stopping in full

contentment at the lock-gates, or sliding with low laughter across the weir. He lingers where the great trees drop boughs towards the stream, or in dense masses climb the steep slopes. He swerves about the green islands lovingly, and lifts the long grasses at their edge. He explores shadowed back-waters, softly raises the water-lilies, and swells against the swan's breast among the reeds. As he sings the richness of the year, many little birds weave variations in the monotonous tune. Over the osier-beds the cloud of starlings breaks into falling birds, and the air is full of gossip and household chatter. The sun, when he sinks in splendour, keeps his deepest colours for the tranquil Thames. Amid the gathering shadows two silver swans ride purely. O Edmund Spenser, worthy poet of this sweet English river, thou hast left a marriage-song for all true lovers.

When Miss Hermione Dale saw the shadows deepening, she did not think of Spenser. She thought that Martin, who was looking worn and harassed, maugre his present joy, would catch cold. Therefore, with that deception which we pardon in affectionate women, she said that she felt the air grow chill, and shivered; and thereupon Mr. Carter, glowing with the new delight of taking care of a weaker creature, hurried her home. Before they parted, by the clanging bell of the gaunt house, it was agreed between these lovers that he should take her next day to her friends in London, return himself to his bachelor lodgings in the same city, and as soon as might be, buy the ring. That night the joy of Martin Carter broke forth in cries of astonishment and sudden movements, most disturbing to the cat Hobbes. When his friend was at last asleep, Christopher sat long leaning out into the night, meditating on life and love. Great is the effect of solemn beauty on a tender soul. When he drew in his head, his face was wet with tears.

## VI.

THE next morning, when Martin and Hermione were flying to London together, Christopher sat at breakfast alone. For half an hour after that meal he smoked a mild pipe. Then he saw the naughty girl, who held out the accustomed hand. When he placed the largest lump in her small palm, she did not make a face for answer, but smiled and thanked him. It seemed pathetic to the student that she should smile and speak to him on that morning. Presently the cat Hobbes

rubbed herself against his leg from the extremity of her left ear to the point of her stiff tail. It seemed pathetic that the cat Hobbes, who was not by nature demonstrative, should favour him with such prolonged expression of good-will. And now the stream of children flowed by him, and in the stream like a long log trundled edgeways came Miss Anne Winch, who did not see him, as at the moment she was encouraging the smallest girl with the point of her parasol. At ten the student took down his books. After the children's frolic at noon he showed signs of restlessness. He went to the cupboard, and fished out the long-neglected tragedy. He pushed over the papers until he came to the great love-scene. It was at court that the grand passion was displayed. Out stepped his princess all in gems and gold. In rushed his page in kirtle green. She was in splendour like the sun, as he told her. His garb was mean, as he exclaimed with bitterness, but none the less becoming. Yet fine as it all was, it seemed a poor thing to the author. Was it possible that his great work was so very unnatural? Were the jewels so glassy, and the page's legs mere padding? It was the wooing of the Albert Memorial by a German band. O fine writing, and scenes of admirable proportion, are ye no warmer than a painted fire? Let Romeo climb the wall, or Juliet lean from the window, and how many pairs of lovers flit away like ghosts! Away with them all, these creatures cut out of books, manufactured rags, shadows of shadows! Out with them, O Christopher grown clear-eyed, proud monarch and despised suitor, alike despicable! snip off the head of this maiden, who doles out a measured passion with her painted lips! What do these speech-makers know of love?

The student took out the fatal shears, and very quietly cut the great drama into little pieces. He dined with a fair appetite. In the evening, as his boat drifted slowly down the river, he was surprised to find how calm he felt. The air was above all things sweet. There was rest in the thought of Martin Carter a long way off. It was almost a relief to remember that Hermione was no longer behind the clanging bell. There was melancholy pleasure in the knowledge that the first and second gentlemen had walked away never to return. He debated with himself whether on the morrow he should begin his essay on Euripides, or his criticism of the criticism of the newest and deepest German. As he passed onward, he took out



a canvas bag full of minute scraps of paper, added a stone to the contents, and dropped it into the water. The stream closed silently over it, and the gentle critic floated home.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
MR. THACKERAY'S SKETCHES.\*

It is just eleven years since the author of "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes" passed away from among us, in all the power and vigour of life, unexhausted by the labour which a toiling literary man, more almost than any other professional worker, has to go through on his way to that highest eminence of success which so few ever reach. He had been an artist, he had been a journalist, he had been, strange as it seems to say so, only a semi-successful writer for many years of his life, writing books which got their full meed of approbation only after his great work had carried him at a leap to the summit of popularity. At last, however, he had attained all that the ambition of an author could desire—the readiest and most enthusiastic welcome for all that he chose to give to the world, the plaudits of all whose applause was worth caring for, along with that echo from the crowd which is the true test of fame in the wider sense of the word; and so much solid reward for his labours as gave substance and meaning to all the rest. His life, as everybody knows, had been overshadowed by one of the heaviest domestic clouds that can come upon a young man in the beginning of his career, which he had borne manfully with courage and patience and cheerful steadfastness; and in the blessed course of compensating time had recovered through his children the happiness of home. All this, fortunately, he had attained while still in the full flood of a genial and friendly existence. His labours were many, but they were at length fully recompensed; and no failure of strength warned him to leave them off. He had troops of friends and universal appreciation and honour wherever he went; his name was one of the foremost in his country, and his character understood and loved. Thus happy was he above the assaults of adverse fortune and all those evils which in his day he had met and encountered like a man, when suddenly in the night, without warn-

ing, or the knowledge even of those most dear to him, there came a secret messenger and summoned him unexpectedly out of all this warmth and comfort. Without time to breathe a last wish or say a farewell, he was withdrawn from the world in the strength of life, in the fullness of fame and of genius. There is something very terrible to the common imagination in such a fate: no lingering of sickness or long languor of suffering affects the mind so much as the shock and terror of a sudden disappearance like this; and yet, when we consider it calmly, what could be more happy? All the growing shadows of mortality, the waning days, the fading light, the time when desire fails and the grasshopper becomes a burden, are escaped by such a swift conclusion. Of all things there is nothing so sad as the last chapter in life, through which the old man lingers, seeing his friends drop around him, and mournfully awaiting the moment when he too shall drop, like so many others, into the long-waiting and clearly visible grave. But in the other case all those sorrows are avoided. The man who dies in middle age has all that is best in life without its saddest drawbacks and burdens; and there are cases in which so sudden a death seems a special privilege of heaven to those who have stood bravely at their post, and borne the heat of the day and the sore labours of life without fear or flinching. This was what our great humourist did, bravely, tenderly, steadfastly, through pangs and discouragements which would have taken the heart out of many a common man. And in the midst of his days, in the full flush of his fame, while yet his eye was not dim nor his force abated, but when by strain and determination he had fulfilled the task he put upon himself and provided for those most dear to him—then he was taken away at a stroke, his work, uncompleted, dropping from his hands.

Of the life thus ended no formal record has been made; nor indeed has any memento of it been given to the world till now. And there is something unusually touching in the publication at this especial moment of the book of sketches, reproduced from the scraps and fragments which Thackeray left behind him. It is not the great author, the social philosopher and moralist, the famous writer of novels, the cynic, as some men think him, but a domestic figure, all softened, mellowed, and illuminated by tender lights of love, which appears to us in this volume with genial smile and playful looks, kind-

\* The Orphan of Pimlico; and other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings. By William Makepeace Thackeray. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

est, gentlest, most indulgent of men, "my father," no other title thought of. His children were moved to this undertaking by natural displeasure at the publication of a book professing to contain his drawings and called by his name, in which much extraneous matter was mixed up, and youthful scribbles that did him no manner of justice. After they had undertaken this gentle revenge upon the intruders who attempted to *exploiter* his memory, the work grew upon them, charming them with a thousand soft recollections of their own early days and his constant tenderness. The consultations and arrangements and anxious selection of what was best, the oversight and care required to make sure that the reproduction was as perfect as possible, charmed and interested beyond measure the two whom he had left behind, and to whom he had been the most beloved and playful companion as well as the kindest of fathers. What talks there were of the past, what fond thoughts and natural tears, out of which time had taken the bitterness! Alas! before the book came to the world, there was but one left to look over, with a pang of renewed and added anguish, the records of the old life, of which she alone remained the sole survivor. Like her father, though many years younger, out of her happiness and hopes, in the flush of womanly maturity and domestic blessedness, Thackeray's youngest daughter, Mrs. Leslie Stephen, had been taken away like him, the abrupt messenger coming to her also like a thief in the night. And now what the two planned and guided to the verge of publication, the one puts silently forth into the world. A more touching monument of the little group now severed, father and daughters, just caught in their domestic life by that side gleam of fame, which reveals without profaning the sanctity of the now vacant home, could not by possibility be given to the public.

After what we have said, and with the tears in our voice, we cannot turn at once to the book itself, so full of genial fun and amused perception of everything that was going on in those days that are past. The man himself was more memorable, more noticeable than his sketches. No memoir of him has been given to the world; and, indeed, the memoirs of his contemporaries which have come into being give little encouragement for that vulgarizing and undesirable process. It would be better for the fame, and better for the personal appreciation, which we give with no ungrudging hand to those who please us, if

the art of biography were less largely and less volubly exercised; and Thackeray's children have done well to obey his injunctions. But yet, if it had been possible to put in a book the life which was so full of suffering and patience, of disappointment, of gaiety, and love, and laughter, and tears, what a picture it might have made! Such glimpses of it as his friends have put aside in their recollections are full of the interest which attends every courageous warfare with trouble and sorrow, manfully carried on, not without sinkings of the heart, not without failures and imperfections, yet always showing steadfast progress: the head aloft, the heart brave even when near breaking; and many a jest and laugh breaking in between, sweet, natural gaiety which defied grief; and all the tricks and quips of humour ready to burst forth on the very edge of pain, and mock it, though the jester felt it to the depths of his kind and tender soul. There is no such true symbol of life, we have often thought, as the progress of a ship over the sea, setting out in full and fresh array of perfect sails and spars, flags flying, the waves crisping round the adventurous bows, caressing them with soft splash and rush and playful sprinkling of spray, the wind like laughter in the cordage: till the storm comes, seizing the vessel in a sudden agony, making her reel and shiver, stripping her bare, and tossing her like a nutshell between the black sky and blacker sea. Then after the shock comes a pause, and one feels again a throb of purpose in the battered thing, a working of the helm in obstinate resistance to the waves, a conscious struggle of the humanity within against the terrible forces without; and then a gradual recovery and steadying of the shattered hull, a shaking out of the torn canvas, renewed progress with all the old gay accompaniments, as if the storm had never been — till the next comes. So it is with every man and woman. Caught out of their first confidence in life to a fierce struggle with some gigantic primitive misery, for a moment crushed and silenced, then coming to life again with sobs and choking breath, setting a brave face to the world and to their trouble, keeping on, overcoming, growing gay — till the next assault, which, like the first, is shaken off too after a time; the bleeding, throbbing, suffering creature never giving up its individual protestation against everything less noble than that patient, courageous, persistent life which was not given by God to be crushed, but to be maintained. Those who sink in sullen

woe and make no resistance, and those who are beaten down into a dull and dismal languor of weakness, are not half so interesting or attractive as the valiant soul which cries and weeps and laughs and struggles, and will not be subdued whatever happens. Of such was Thackeray. How he righted himself after the commotions through which he passed — how he took up his burden and bore it like a man — how even in his youth he made himself the tender nurse of his little children, and denied himself, and held on, tears in his heart if not in his eyes, but smiles on his face, with outbreaks of merry laughter and jest and song, blossoming over the tribulations and privations and hard struggles of life, — this is a story which we have no commission to tell, nor even the knowledge necessary to do so; but which is known to many, as spectators know a portion of the drama going on before them — though it was never revealed or debased through partial telling, by himself.

The character of his genius, however, and the way in which it came to maturity, is safer ground, and here we may speak without hesitation. The first profession he proposed to himself seems to have been that of an artist, and his first books even, after the pen gained the day over the pencil, were illustrated by himself. From art he naturally strayed into writing, working at both together for many of the best years of his life, writing for the papers like his own Warrington, and forming that light opinion of the powers of those who did so, which he afterwards embodied in the talk of his favourite character. Then came "Sketch-Books," containing that curious amalgamation of the two crafts which no one had done more completely than himself — the literature a picture in words, the picture a piece of literary composition; and he had worked in this way for years without ever coming to any particular success, when "Vanity Fair" suddenly burst forth, convincing all fit critics in a moment that here was a work of genius. Without any further delay or question he came at once to the very highest rank, with but two rivals who could keep level ground with him — the fine imagination of the late Lord Lytton, and the lower yet popular and undeniable genius of Dickens. Of these three, Thackeray was the one who carried himself most entirely into his work. He had the variety, the changeableness, the power of rapid transformation which is to be found only in the finest intelligences. He was by turns humorous, contemptuous,

tender — a moralist, a jester, a laughing philosopher, a cynic; yet with a vein of pathos infinitely touching and true, which went to the hearts of his readers. The commonplace was not in him. Whenever he looked at a scene it began to twinkle all over with lamps of meaning, gleams of humour and fun that lit up the landscape, and sudden tears that fell before you knew, and, before you knew, were tried by as sudden laughter. He loved the paradoxes of nature too well perhaps to content, at least at the outset, the matter-of-fact reader; and he had a pleasure in showing not only what lingerings of tenderness and good feeling there might be in some disreputable sinner, but what foolishness and pettiness might dwell in the bosoms of good men.

This latter peculiarity made him often misunderstood by those innocent critics who are more fond of abstract virtue in a book than of the real weaknesses and shadows of humanity — or who, at least, insist upon some one exhibition of an author's faith in the ideal. But Thackeray could not consent to worship the abstract virtues. The moment he caught sight of them, a gleam of not unkindly malice awoke in his eye. Love of mischief, love of contradiction, impelled an onslaught. The very perfection of the outline drawn forth before him filled him with longing to pull it to pieces. When he had done this, as likely as not he might put the ragged pieces kindly together again, or even show you how much better than you thought, was the being whom he refused to allow you to take on trust at all. Nobody has done such credit to the stupid gentleman with his good instincts and dull yet noble loyalty and steadfastness. Though he pretended to reject the very idea of a hero, it was he who first revealed to the world the heroic possibilities of truth and of suffering that might exist in such a rudimentary being as his Rawdon Crawley, or in the bosom of a poor little dissipated, stupid Foker — moved thereto, no doubt, by something of the same love of paradox and whimsical pathetic preference for the people whom nobody else could be found to defend or stand up for. It pleased his kind fantastic humour to throw its softest gleams upon the meanest places, and abash you with revelations of good just where you felt most confident that nothing good could be found. He has never attempted to draw a perfect character, except, perhaps, Colonel Newcome, who, but for the alloy of a little bombast and innocent vanity in his first

appearances, would be as pure a hero as the greatest idealist could desire. But such a character as Becky Sharp, for instance, though she captivated the world, frightened many a gentle reader who found in that bad but charming young person the type of woman in whom the author delighted, and could not pardon him for the foolishness of his Amelia, his good heroine, whose sweetness was as exasperating as the iniquities of the other were delightful. The gradual working out of Becky is an effort more sustained than anything which the mere charm of the paradox could account for; and yet that piquant contradiction of common belief runs through every detail, and enlivens the labour in a way which even the common spectator can understand. Her selfishness yet good-nature, her entire indifference to everything but her own interest, yet real power of self-sacrifice when that is necessary, and faculty of pleasing and making happy those whom she is using for her own purposes, are quite captivating to the imagination. We are entirely sorry, and sympathize in her genuine regret at not being able to marry old Sir Pitt when he proposes to her, notwithstanding all the ludicrous baseness of the situation; and throughout, the pluck, the dauntlessness, the brightness, the unflinching resources of Becky triumph over our moral sense, and carry us with her almost to the end of her career. We have always thought that her indifference to her child was a mistake in the picture, unless it is indeed a deliberate departure, when things become tragic, from the lighter principle of the beginning, which was to keep us always in good-humour with the most perfectly good-humoured of heroines. The original Becky made her little pupils love her, and would no doubt have secured her son as her partisan too, had not her sun begun to go down, and the tragical shadows of the conclusion required that we should be willing to permit her disappearance among them. It is the only failure in this wonderful effort of art. But Thackeray's genius was averse to endings: its very greatness lay in the clear perception he had of the fragmentary, broken, always beginning never ending character of life; that strange principle of immortality in the midst of mortality, which balks all rules, scorns experience, ignores age, and never allows itself to come to any solemnity of conclusion so long as existence itself goes on — a mystery without close.

This is not the time, however, to enter

into any discussion of Thackeray's works. Whatever he did he inspired with that wealth of variety, that whimsical play of life, that rapid change of sentiment and glimmering of broken lights and shadows, which are characteristic of him. His narrative was a long-continued flow of conversation following the wanderings of a playful fancy, digressing, returning, stopping to throw a stone there, a flower here — to point out many a passing incident, which was subtly worked in, you could not tell how, to the story and the subject before him. Other artists might use a broader treatment, and put in with more historical seriousness the carefully-posed figures of their composition; but as you followed out his long-continued monologue from point to point, the people you met there stood forth as if you had met them in the streets, dotted out with bits of insignificant detail, with jest and laughter and sudden pathetic suggestion and flash of merry ridicule — not rigid portraits any one of them, but breathing, living, doing wise and foolish things, as real as the daylight. Once or twice only in the whole circle of his creations his sweet temper and genial toleration failed him, and a gleam of vindictiveness lights up the landscapes: generally he is good to everybody, even to the good people whom it is his instinct to avoid, because everybody else approves of them, but whom he never seizes upon savagely as some great writers do. The banter which he employs is penetrating, and turns the victim inside out, it is true — but there is no malignity in the sleight of hand with which he peels off the wrappings which conceal all that is poor and pitiful and false from the common eye. Even in his graver moments the gleam of fun is never quite out of his eyes, but lurks there ready to light up again all the lesser details of the subject, and relieve the mind from the painful strain of moral disenchantment. If we touch the depths for a moment, and feel the indignant swell of pain over injustice, next page sends us on laughing at the poor figure which the tyrant cuts, or the petty vengeance which turns the sinner's bed into one of thorns, not roses. The very love of variety in him, and inability to harp upon one string, takes bitterness out of his satire. Perhaps the conclusion is less highly moral, and the laugh, though half sad, which rounds the whole is more hopeless than denunciation; but, such as it is, it has been the utterance of some of the finest of human intelligences; and how many of us are glad to take refuge in



it amid all the miseries and confusions of the world!

The character of Mr. Thackeray's illustrations has always struck ourselves as very quaintly original. Quite independent of their merit as art, they were always to some extent literary compositions, and full of the very spirit of the writer, or rather, which is more distinct still, of the spirit in which he wrote. Those comic or sentimental personages had always a consciousness of the reader which goes against the very principle of illustration, and yet was most oddly illustrative of the author's prevailing turn of mind and feeling. The first that occurs to us as an example of what we say, is a little picture which we remember among the illustrations of "The Rose and the Ring," and in which a certain pretty little Betsinda, the small heroine with whom that charming extravaganza begins, is dancing before the king and queen, with the much-hoped-for remuneration of a bun before her eyes. The little creature looks at us out of her few slight lines of engraving, taking us into her confidence, with a whole volume of fun in her eyes. How grand they are! what old guys and sham potentates, she is saying; and what fun it is to be making believe to look up to them and think their approbation so much worth gaining! The same feeling runs through all the pictures. It is at us, not at her companions in the scene, that Becky is always looking with a twinkle in her eye of confidential amusement. She takes in everybody about her, but she knows she does not take in the reader; therefore she elevates a little eyebrow and gives him a glance out of the corner of her demure eyes. She has no concealments from him — he understands what are the real feelings in her mind, and knows her schemes, and has a certain sympathy in what she is aiming at. This is not the principle upon which any ordinary illustrator could work: (if, alas, illustrators had any principle of work at all except how to get it out of their hands with the least trouble!) but it is very telling in its way, in the peculiar circumstances which make the writer and the illustrator the same person. When he takes the pencil into his hand, the familiar instrument, first-used-and-dreamt-of tool, becomes so much more entirely himself than even his pen, that what he does for us in the course of his narrative, showing us all the world behind the scenes and the strings by which his puppets are pulled — the personages of the story themselves do for us in the pictures, laugh-

ing stealthily over their shoulders, and throwing a revelation in a look with imperceptible nod and gesture which we alone are supposed to see. A reflection of his own countenance, with its half-laughing half-benign expression and air of spectatorship, steals into the faces of his characters. They become conscious all at once of playing their parts, and of playing them not badly, except for us who have heard all about it, and know precisely what is going on.

This curious characteristic of one portion of his work would show how entirely Thackeray's heart was in this lighter and more casual branch of his labours, if we did not know already how he loved the art which was not to be his vocation in life. This is a feeling which has been shared by many great artists, as all the world knows. Something by which they were not destined to gain their power has been the beloved ideal pursuit of their souls. Thackeray was too sensible not to be aware when he had at last made the grand step which carried him at once to reputation and fortune, and it is impossible to imagine that he had not real enjoyment in work so thoroughly marked with all the peculiarities of his character, and which was so evidently enjoyable; but to his latest days his pencil was his favourite and most cherished instrument. "The hours which he spent upon his drawing-blocks and sketch-book brought no fatigue or weariness; they were of endless interest and amusement to him, and rested him when he was tired," says his daughter. Few men so great in one way have a secondary pursuit cherished by themselves by which they can keep still a little world apart from the public for their own enjoyment and that of their friends. But this was Thackeray's fortunate position. When Dante drew his angel, according to the poet, it was for the lady of his thoughts, the supreme Beatrice alone; and when Raphael

with the silver-pointed pencil,  
Else he only used to draw Madonnas,

made sonnets instead, that too was "once, and only once, and for one only." True to all poetic nature is this desire —

No artist lives and loves that longs not  
(Ah the prize!) to find his love a language  
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient,  
Using nature that's an art to others.  
Not this one time art that's turned his nature.  
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,  
None but would forego his proper dowry.  
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem.



Does he write? he fain would paint a picture.  
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,  
Once, and only once, and for one only,  
So to be the man, and leave the artist,  
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

It was not, however, the wistful depth of this supreme devotion which moved Thackeray. There are cuttings-off and impoverishments of life which are more pathetic than the deepest sorrows which can be expressed in words. The "once, and only once, and for one only," was not permitted to the warm heart and tender soul of our great humourist; but he had—and who will say there was not sufficient compensation in it?—the sweet alternative of children to please by the art which was not his art, and friends to entertain and a home to enliven. He did this instead of the Dante-picture and the Raphael-sonnets, for which his life had no place. In their languors of childish sickness, in the times he was absent from them, even when they had other children to entertain and wanted help for their simple merry-making, the great writer took his pencil and drew pictures for his little daughters and their little friends. No one thought anything of those works of love which were lavished upon them, which were done for play, in moments when the world and its thoughts were absent—until now, when time and death have given sacredness to everything he touched, when the heirs of his love and of his gifts bring this little basket of fragments with tender hands, to throw a gleam of tearful yet smiling light upon the records of their now empty home.

It is the associations which thus hang about it, and which, even to those who knew nothing of him, must throw a touching light upon the character of Thackeray, that give its chief interest to this book. No new revelation of talent or capability is in it: the drawings are many of them extremely clever, and the scraps of description whimsical and charming; but that which gives it a special character is the glow of domestic ease and cheerful leisure, the reflection of a peaceful home, the friendly, genial gleams of side light, showing the man in his least serious moments, which we find enshrined within its pages. What prodigality and wealth of work it shows! Sitting at his table, talking, no doubt, to his friends or his children, here are the heads he scribbles on a page, with playful extravagance, for want of thought, like the milk-boy's whistle. Here are the designs, ideas, and intentions never carried out, or reflections of

things which were afterwards carried out, and which we remember in more elaborate guise in other publications. How little he thought of these chance productions is very touchingly described in Miss Thackeray's preface. "The pictures were rarely preserved by himself," she says, "nor put away by us with any care. The familiar stream flowed on, loved but unheeded by us; and among the many drawings he devised, only a certain number remain in our possession. In all my remembrance, he never had one of his own drawings framed; and when I was a child I remember a great scrap-book which was given me to play with, and to work my will upon. I can only once remember a questioning word from him concerning some scissor-points with which I had ornamented some of his sketches. In later years, by his desire, I have washed off the drawings from many and many a wood-block; and I remember once destroying his whole day's work in my anxiety to be of use. But although he certainly never wished us to make much of his work, all that belonged to it and to his art was of vivid and serious reality to him, and of unfailing interest and suggestion." This affords us, we think, a picture better than any of the pictures that follow—more genial, coming home to the multitude, which is slow about art, but has perceptions in every point of nature. Men of letters sometimes watch over their fame with a jealous care which makes an audience even of the family circle; but these are generally lesser lights of the firmament; and true genius with any greatness in it seldom glorifies itself at the expense of the simplicity of nature. Thackeray at home was not the great author but the dear father, whose thousand tender qualities were far more dear to his children than the fame which was extraneous and out of place in that warm domestic centre. What he could do and did do, was little to those to whom he himself was everything. "The familiar stream flowed on, loved but unheeded." What description could be given more natural and more affecting? Throughout the volume those soft family touches make up the charm and interest. The lions that figured in "The Rose and the Ring," roaring and rushing, were scribbled off to enliven a childish sick-bed; and the ingenious and tricky devices of the pack of cards had a somewhat similar origin. Sometimes without thought, mere idle occupation of the busy brain and hand which had no comprehension of sheer do-nothingness—sometimes, on

the contrary, giving the affectionate zest of work for them to the empty hours in which he was separated from the creatures he loved best—the running accompaniment of his life is noted on these fragmentary pages. Sometimes the drawing is vigorous and powerful, with meaning in it. Sometimes it is nothing more than the scribbings of a blotting-book; but however it comes, it shows us the soft measure, the undertone of harmony, the tune to which his life was set.

The immediate object of the publication, however, is to give a little genuine memento of Thackeray, and of the style which was peculiarly his own, with the sanction of such authority as marks the work authentic. "The Orphan of Pimlico," which gives its name to the publication, is a very slight sketch in the style of the "Novels by Popular Authors," of which already we have various specimens from his hand. Miss Maria Theresa Wiggleworth, "for many years governess in families of the highest distinction," and whose irreproachable character is supported by reference to the "*revered clergy* of the district," is not, however, presented to us as a parody, but upon her merits; and the tale of love, despair, betrayal and punishment, which she tells in the most elegant language, is illustrated with the portraits of all the fine people concerned, in various sensational moments, ending with a tragical tableau, in which a weak-minded husband and a wicked lover perish almost at the same moment, and general woe is distributed in just proportion to all concerned. Both the composition of this highly moral, exciting, and mournful tale, and its illustrations, are eminently characteristic. They were first "begun at Kensington, one evening by lamplight;" and done in scraps, the last first, with the caprice of a family joke, filling the quiet evenings with fun and laughing occupation. Another set of drawings deal with the adventures of Prince Polonio, a precursor apparently of Prince Giglio, the hero of "The Rose and the Ring." "In the first page (which has drifted away into some unknown space) the travellers come upon a mysterious personage, called the Little Assessor of Tübingen, lying asleep under a tree, with blue facings to his coat. My father would never explain who the little Assessor was, or what he was doing. He said it was a mystery." The playing-cards belong to the same playful portion of holiday work. All kinds of imaginations play about the black and red pips, which come in with the most whimsical

effect, thanks to the skilful manipulation of the artist. Sometimes they are black "nigger" faces, illustrating fantasies of his American tours—sometimes historical *silhouettes*. A three of clubs, in which the Duke of Marlborough is the hero, one spot representing his own pigtail, another that of his horse, and a third nestling in his cocked hat, is very clever. The red cards require still more pains and trouble; and the back view of Miss Smith at the piano, with a diamond let into her shoulders, in delightful adaptation to the costume of the period, is almost as good as the scene representing "Napoleon in the midst of the Old Guard," where one of the spots of the eight of diamonds comes into the dress of the emperor with the most admirable effect. "My father once said," says Miss Thackeray, "that one of the achievements of his life which had given him most unalloyed satisfaction, was the introduction of Napoleon's waistcoat as it appears in this battle-scene." Never was more delightful, genial foolery. Dr. Birch's school, perhaps a less elevated effort, ought to go to the heart of all schoolboys, with the comical victim in the foreground, and the rueful faces of the "boys who go up next." These are nothings, the reader will perceive; yet they are full both of fun and pathos, and more significant of the workman than matters much more important.

Along with this genial play of exuberant and delightful nonsense, are a few more elaborate drawings. Perhaps the best of these is the figure (as is supposed) of a gentleman with whom the public made acquaintance at Mrs. Perkins's ball. "This drawing," Miss Thackeray says, entering into it with hereditary humour, "may recall Mr. Frederick Minchin, in the vivacity of early youth, before he had attained to that quiet dignity for which he was afterwards remarkable." The flying figure of this, alas! now somewhat antiquated beau, in high black stock and collar—airy as Terpsichore herself, yet serious as all great performers are, in full impulse of a dance less languid than those we are now used to see—is delightful. He is afloat, but decorous, poised in air, yet, one feels sure, certain never to come down upon any partner's toes, or otherwise commit himself by pranks unbecoming the perfect propriety of this model of all the graces of the ball-room. This is pure comedy on its gentleest level. There is a touch of tragedy, however, in the somewhat appalling little picture of children playing in the Glasgow gutters—a draw-

ing in which there is almost a Hogarthian touch, in its keen perception of the misery and unloveliness of the little group, which yet are not beyond the reach of childish grace and mirth. The two Scotch sketches, indeed, are little favourable to our beloved country. A more truculent audience could scarcely have been than the MacGuffies and MacDuffies whom the lecturer sees before him, and whose harsh countenances he leaves on record. Let us hope we are not quite so appalling in the flesh. One of the most amusing of the sketches is that which represents the interior of a railway-carriage, in which an old clergyman is lecturing a poor lady convicted of having the objectionable publication in her hand, on the enormity of reading *Punch* (in its early days), while Thackeray himself and Douglas Jerrold look on and listen on the adjoining bench. "Are you aware who are the conductors of that paper? and that they are Chartists, deists, atheists, anarchists, and socialists to a man? I have it on the best authority that they meet together once a week in a tavern in St. Giles's, where they concoct their infamous print. The chief part of their income is derived from threatening letters, which they send to the nobility and gentry. Their principal writer is a returned convict." To this conversation Jerrold is listening in the corner, with eyes looking back, and a comic solemnity, while Thackeray himself grins genial with benign countenance. The incident is said to have really occurred, and it is easy to understand the amusement which the two must have got out of it. We think we know the benevolent clerical critic who gives so fair and friendly an account of the "infamous print."

It is, however, impossible to go over the book in detail. There is nothing but fun and nonsense in it, and yet, curiously enough, the impression it makes is entirely tender and pathetic. We are less amused than touched by the soft breath of recollections, the love so delicately shadowed out, without a word that can profane or even vulgarize its sacredness, of which these pages are full. To those who knew Thackeray, this delicate suggestion of him must, we do not doubt, come home with wonderful meaning; but even to those who did not know the man, such indications of him as are to be found here will be more valuable than the details of vulgar volumes of biography. The world has nothing to do with the private griefs and struggles of a man who respects his own privacy, and chooses to preserve

it, none the less that he is a great author, and much in the eye of the world. To those who like to excite and to satisfy the curiosity of the crowd, there may be nothing undignified, nothing paltry, in the desire to appeal to the public for a posthumous arbitration of their difficulties and quarrels. But Mr. Thackeray was not of this disposition, and we think he was right. Yet without any story given, or any secrets disclosed, here is a sketch of him, shadowy and slight as his own sketches, telling little, yet all that it is needful to know. The cold critic who does not care for such a true and affecting human revelation, may think the drawings of but little importance to be thus carefully reproduced; but with all whose interest in his character has ever been awakened every line will tell, and the least careful of the pictures will be probably the most interesting. A solemn document formally drawn up does not give us half so much information about the writer as does the bit of blotting-paper or torn scrap out of his waste-basket, upon which he has jotted down inadvertently the vagaries that crossed his mind during the writing of it — the trying of a new pen, or effort to get the old one in order. The scribbings of Thackeray's amused and amusing fancy are so many windows into the man, by which we may see his real heart; and how genial is all we find, how full of innocent fun and light-heartedness, that lightness of heart which is the happiest gift of God, and accompanies its possessor through good and evil fortune, giving him moments of gaiety in the midst of trouble, and keeping him alive! Those unfortunate people who cannot get any good of the passing gleams of amusement which cross the deepest darkness by times, what a much harder lot life must be to them! But to such a man as this, life however checkered is not a hard lot. It is full of the sweetest compensations — not those artificial makings-up which we laugh at under the title of poetic justice, but compensations of nature, tremblings of light through tears, soft outbursts of laughter in the midst of sighing, perpetual rebellions of the unconquered soul against its secret foe, that dread and dull monotony which eats out the charm of life. Monotony, it is evident, could not be where Thackeray was. Nature in him was always astir, always open-eyed — seeing more than others, and generally seeing with genial observation, notwithstanding that penetrating insight into the darker side of human motive which was in him, and which is the one thing that impairs his

genius to the idealist. How a man so full of the milk of human kindness, so tender in his humour, so warm in his affections, should have been gifted just with that special perception of the weaknesses and mixed impulses of human nature — its deficiency in the absolutely good, and perpetual, ever visible alloy — looks like one of the paradoxes of which he was so fond, — but so it was. Perhaps the very variety of his mind, refusing acquiescence in a dull level of goodness as much as in every other dull level, prompted the laughing search for other qualities and impulses which are but too readily found whenever they are sought for. But Thackeray was too true a humourist, too genial a man, ever to dissect with bitterness. The impulse to laugh, and to find occasion for laughing, might be too strong in him; but even his rebellion against fictitious standards, and the sham which passes muster in the world, and is often more esteemed than the true, was never sharp and bitter. It was amusement more than indignation that moved him; a soft hope, a friendly conviction that, after all, these foibles and feeblenesses had to be judged by "larger, other eyes than ours," was always in his mind; not Ithuriel's spear revealing the baser nature in sudden force of native hideousness, but rather a twinkling, mischievous illumination of many lights suddenly catching the sinner when he thought of it least, and confounding him by quick exposure and ridicule. This was natural to his mind, not lofty scorn and moral indignation. He loved to expose false pretences, to break in the paper walls of social falsehood, to show to us the general atmosphere of deception, even of ourselves, in which so many of us live and breathe; but he never judged harshly, nor pronounced any bitter sentence; and he never failed to pay his tribute to the finer and truer nature when it came in his way. It has been objected to him often that his Dobbin had splay feet, and that his Amelia was a fool. Well — there are fools who hold our hearts when wiser folks throw them away; and as for poor Dobbin's ugliness, that, too, was one of the paradoxes his creator loved. He could not contemplate human nature without seeing them; and to his temper, that fantastic, pathetic contrast of external appearances with inward realities was always more attractive than any other aspect of life.

However, no critic will be clever enough to find one touch of cynicism in this tender memorial of Thackeray which his children have offered so modestly to his

friends known and unknown — the latter class taking in all English readers. In one of the poems of his Irish book, we remember, he greets the new morning as it rises with the thought that "my little girls are waking, and making their prayers perhaps for me." Let the reader pardon a defective memory if the quotation is not correct. It is as a memorial of this most beautiful of loves that we receive the little collection of fragments — kind play and pleasantry of the days that are over, turned into pathos by death and time. Soft fall the dews, soft lie the snows, upon the kind father's sleeping head, once astir with crowds of tender and of gentle fancies! The man of whom such relics only are preserved is surely of the number of those whose names smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

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#### A NEGRO METHODIST CONFERENCE.

WINCHESTER (Virginia) is very unlike its stately English namesake, and is still, in fact, in rather a primitive condition. There is no greater mistake, however, than to take any individual American town as a type of many, or even of the state in which it is situated, so that in giving the following description of some interesting occurrences, at which we were present at Winchester, Virginia, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are speaking of that place only, and not describing others under one comprehensive name, or painting classes of men from any of the individual models that passed before our eyes.

There were two negro, or *coloured*, churches in Winchester — one "Methodist Episcopal" and the other Baptist. Negroes in general belong to one of these two denominations, though there are also Episcopalian, *i.e.* Anglican, and Catholic congregations, in some large towns, while perhaps other small portions of the coloured population belong to various other religions. Every one knows that the negro is of an emotional, passionate, susceptible nature, and the Methodist Church offers him many attractions. Even white Methodists sometimes feel excited by their religious enthusiasm, and vent their emotions in gestures and exclamations which one would think very unlikely to be forced from them in their normal state of mind. It is not surprising, therefore, that the impulsive African should manifest his



nature very freely during the religious "exercises" of the Methodist Church, and this we had an opportunity of observing during a conference of coloured ministers, including those of Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, and West Virginia, which met at Winchester in the early spring of 1874. The conference was officially called the "Washington Conference of the Coloured Methodist Episcopal Church." It lasted for a week. The Friday and Saturday before the opening Sunday were busy days on the railway: each train brought dozens of coloured ministers, some with, but most without their families, and each carrying a bag or bundle, with his "go-to-meetin'" suit of glossy black, for there was to be an ordination on the closing Sunday. Most of these ministers were intelligent-looking men, and their clothes were in very good condition; some of the younger were quite dandified, and a few of the older wore gold spectacles. Though the town of Winchester is very small (it must be added that it is also old, for it has a history of two hundred years, and was one of the first settlements of the Virginian colonists), there was no difficulty about lodging close upon two hundred strangers. Each coloured person owning any kind of home — shanty or log hut, or the rarer cottage — gave hospitality to as many ministers as he could accommodate; and the least number was two, even although the host had but *one* spare room and bed. The people were proud of thus housing their pastors, and vied with each other in giving them the very best of food. A negro, man or woman, is born a good cook, and it is safe to say that many a white family, even in respectable circumstances, does not fare so well, or at any rate seldom fares better, than a coloured woman with a much smaller income. Some people say the latter often steals her provisions; we do not think they steal, on an average, more than a certain class of white servants do; and even granting that the material of the *cuisine* is stolen, there are few whites who, if they had stolen such material, would know how to turn it to such good account.

During the first two or three nights after the main body of the ministers had arrived, a few kept coming irregularly, and it became a question how to procure quarters for them. One evening a very old preacher was presiding over the meeting, and after gratefully thanking the people of the town for their lavish hospitality, and especially praising "the sisters," he added, very pleasantly: "But we have an-

other brother who has just come, and we must find a home for him. Will any of the sisters come forward and give him hospitality? He is young and very good-looking; and you know the Bible tells us we may often entertain angels unawares."

Presently a young woman stepped forward, and claimed the newly-arrived minister as her guest, and the old man laughingly said: "Very well, sister; I commend him to your care; take him home, and feed him well, and give him a very good bed." The accommodation was doubtless scanty, but the will of the sister was good, though we suspect that she already had her hands full.

There were "exercises" every morning and evening, while the rest of the day was set apart for business. A white Methodist bishop presided. As yet there is no coloured bishop in the Methodist Church, a fact which occasioned one of the best addresses made to the students for the ministry during the conference. The church where the meetings were held was small and very plain, whitewashed and galleried, and provided with a small melodeon, or species of harmonium without stops, and looking like a very diminutive cottage pianoforte. But the congregation was not dependent on this instrument for its music; the coloured churches had simply the best music in town. The choir proper consisted of a dozen men and women, who sang hymns beautifully and accurately in parts, while the whole congregation backed them up with a volume of sound more melodious than is generally heard in any white church in America. A negro could hardly sing out of tune if he wished to, and no choir but the surplined one of a cathedral could outdo the performance of coloured singers, even if only very slightly trained.

At the chancel end of the church was a space railed off and raised two steps above the level of the floor, while in the place of the altar stood a kind of tribune, where three men could stand abreast, with six or eight steps leading up to it on each side. This was used for prayer and preaching; the space below was fitted up with chairs for the bishop and some of the speakers, while two secretaries sat at a long table placed against the base of the tribune. The bishop wore a tail-coat and a white necktie, but scarcely looked dignified. The young secretaries, both of them candidates for deaconship, were good-looking and intelligent: many of the young men had been through a regular theological course in the new colleges and seminaries



that the coloured Methodists have established since the Act of Emancipation, but the old ministers were rougher and harder — *field-preachers* in old times, when they were also labourers or servants. (*Slave* was a word never heard in the south; the agricultural labourers were called "field hands," and the negroes employed in domestic service simply "servants.") One of these old men, relics of a past state of things, Brother Snowdon, was over eighty years of age; but his mind was as bright and his heart as tender as ever, and one night, when he prayed, which he did in as good language as most white people, his words stirred the sympathy of his hearers, both white and black, as few *extempore* prayers can nowadays. His words were fervent and poetic, however vague if looked at in any doctrinal sense, and we hardly like to set them down in our own form, because we made no notes at the time, and therefore should do injustice to the speaker. His aspect, too, told how earnest he was, and how the love of the Saviour powerfully affected him, leading him into all manner of energetic, poetic expressions, and firing him with a missionary zeal towards all those who heard him.

It would be impossible to gather together all the incidents of that week: every day and night was full of interesting details, each characteristic of the earnestness of the men assembled and the passionate sympathy which they raised in their hearers. The two hundred ministers filled up the pews in the body of the church during the business meetings, and the spectators sat in the galleries. It was interesting to mark the differences among those dark faces. Some preserved the true African type, though we hardly remember one that was absolutely black. Though most of them had the ordinary woolly hair, a few had it wavy but smooth (and evidently oiled to make it smoother still), and one, whose face was very dark, had straight, wiry hair. If the colour could have been taken from some of them, you would have judged this one by his features to be a shrewd Yankee, eager and investigating, and that other a scholarly Jew, quiet and thoughtful. In the galleries, especially at the evening prayer-meetings, the variety of curious faces was much greater; there were men who might almost sit for baboons, and one with such a marvellous head of hair that it stood out round his face like a black halo, four or five inches broad. Others, on the contrary, wore their hair close cropped, so that it was not more conspicuous than the

down of a black swanling. The women, too, were of all kinds, from the old "auntie," whose face was all fat and good-natured, to the haughty, saucy, or pensive maiden, whose skin was more white than "coloured." Of these there were many, most of them very pretty, and well, *i.e.*, quietly, dressed, with ladylike manners and sweet, gentle voices. No uninitiated person would have known that these girls were not of pure Caucasian blood, unless the fact had been revealed to him by seeing them walk arm-in-arm with ordinary "dandies" of every shade. Social equality is the one thing which the coloured race will perhaps never win, save in the persons of a few who will emphatically remain exceptions; and it is noticeable that it is not only the Southern people who recoil from this, but the foreigners and the immigrants from Europe, who, no matter how lowly their own condition, feel an instinctive dislike to social equality with the negro race.

We have, perhaps, taken up too much space in describing them, and commenting on them, and it is time to go on with what was done and said, which, after all, is the best illustration of any living subject. The first time we went to the church was on a week-day, and a morning session was going on. It was a good specimen of the business meetings. The elders and representatives of the most prominent churches sat on the two front benches, and the speakers and secretaries occupied the space behind the rails. The bishop looked neutral and weary. One very impulsive speaker, and agent of the Bible Society, who mysteriously described himself as belonging to no particular race, having African, European, and Hindoo blood in him, was holding forth on the subject of schools and seminaries. He looked like an ordinary white man. He spoke well and to the point, and specially shone in anecdote. He laid the greatest stress on the necessity of education, and told a story of a young white student who came to his father with a bundle tied to a stick, and in a generally deplorable plight, not to ask for charity, but to beg, in a bright, eager manner, to be allowed to enter a school of theology "where my father was an 'exhorter.'" He was admitted, and to-day he is a bishop in the Methodist Church, and one of our most enterprising men. Do you know," he went on, "that until a coloured student shall come with that indomitable spirit, and grapple with like difficulties, and, as it were, conquer an education, I shall not believe in our having a coloured bishop among us?" Here

there were deep murmurs of approval, and the speaker went on urging the cause of education, and instancing other cases of eagerness for learning, his own among the rest, when, on being called away from school by unexpected family circumstances, and not having a farthing in his pocket, he refused to borrow money, and equally determined to stay away no longer than was absolutely necessary. Many of his school-fellows, under the same pinch, had got home, but had to stay at home, having no money to pay their way back to school; but he, taking a bundle with him, started on foot for his home, which was sixty miles away, and accomplished thirty the first day. His feet were swollen and bleeding, and he made bold to knock at the door of a man in the village which he reached at night who had known his father. He told him his story, and the man sheltered him for a day, and would have kept him longer, but he determined on going on, and so reached his home the next day, walking another thirty miles at one stretch. He stayed long enough to rest and get strong again, and when the business was over for which he was needed — very likely it was some agricultural crisis — he started for school again, quite undismayed by his previous experience. Then another speaker got up and answered him by a second eulogism on education, especially of that for theological students; and then followed a motion which one of the brethren was anxious to make this year, he said, and which he considered very important. He was a grave-looking man, about forty-five, with gold spectacles and black kid gloves; and his speech, perfectly grammatical and well-accented, proved him to be, if not of the post-slavery school of students, at least one of the progressive school of reforming ministers. Indeed, as far as peculiarities were concerned, this conference was not what would be called "characteristic;" the ministers are the picked men of the race, and strive after the same decorous uniformity of manner and speech as that which distinguishes the white men of their profession. Besides the Virginian negro, even in his most unnatural state, is not nearly so amusing in character as the negro of the more southern parts of the country. His dialect is far less peculiar, and even his accent is not remarkably striking. When this minister whom we have mentioned rose in his place to make his "motion," he addressed himself to the bishop in earnest tones, denouncing the "free use of tobacco among the minis-

ters," and inveighing against it. Immediately a titter ran through the audience, but the bishop still looked weary and impassive. "I say," the speaker went on, "that it is a disgrace to the ministry; I have seen ministers chew in the very pulpit, and dishonour the Lord's house by this filthy habit. It is unclean and injurious; it is a vice more than a habit, and those who renounce liquor ought also to renounce tobacco. It is bad in any form, but especially in that disgusting form in which too many of our brethren use it in the house of the Lord. I move that the use of tobacco be made a disqualification for candidates to the ministry, and that henceforth no young man shall be ordained who is unwilling to swear that he will not use tobacco in any form."

The argument, of course, is here much condensed. The man was very vehement in his denunciation, but evidently his hearers scarcely sympathized with his project of reform; many of the older ministers looked at each other with suppressed merriment, and others were engaged in protesting against the restriction by quietly doing the very thing against which the speaker was discoursing. When he had done the votes were taken, as customary the "ayes" and "noes" alternately standing up and being counted over by one appointed for the purpose. Hardly half a dozen stood up with the reformer, and the whole body rose when the "noes" were called for. The motion was directed, however, to be laid on the table, and the bishop promised to say a few words on the subject when the morning's business was disposed of. In order not to break our narrative by again referring to this subject, we will give the bishop's opinion at once. He spoke, as he always did, with singular impressiveness, but quite to the point. He agreed with Brother — that the use of tobacco was neither healthy nor dignified, and was especially to be deprecated during divine service or in the pulpit; but he said that while he recommended young candidates for the ministry to wean themselves from it, and make good resolutions against indulgence in it, he could not advise the extreme measure of turning the question into a test of moral fitness for the ministry. Then he put in a touching plea for the older ministers.

"They had been bred up to a hard lot," he said, "and in days when the slave had but little enjoyment within his reach, tobacco had become both a stimulant and a comfort to him. He had his little tobacco-patch, his only personal property, and

the use of the weed had been a great solace. Many of our brethren have been brought under this system, and could not give up the habit without injuring their health, or, at any rate, seriously interfering with their comfort, so that it would be neither wise nor charitable to deny them this little enjoyment, which, after all, is very harmless, provided it be indulged in moderately."

Of course the motion was a failure, as any one but an enthusiast could have foreseen; and yet the motive of the reformer was thoroughly praiseworthy, and we must say he had every reason to be practically disgusted with the abuse which he so eagerly denounced. Another discussion followed on the case of a minister (or a candidate—we forget which) who had quarrelled with his wife, and whose reconciliation with her was not yet satisfactorily arranged. The question was whether he should be debarred from officiating (or should be considered unfit for ordination) until he should have made friends with her again. It was noticeable that the bishop made the case turn entirely on the wife's decision. It had already been premised that no immorality was involved, but only some domestic disagreement. Still, the thing had given scandal. At last one spokesman got up and settled the question by saying that he had reason to suppose that the wife was practically reconciled, and that he took it upon himself to declare that the "brother" was therefore fit for the ministry. The vote was in his favour as soon as each voter had satisfied himself that the *wife had agreed to all that had been proposed*.

Then came the examination of the candidates, mostly young men. Some elder or minister answered for the moral and intellectual worth of each. The form of examination was read from a book, and one of the questions was, "Are you in debt?" The same "brother" answered for the character of several of the young men, and his formula of endorsement of their claims was generally pretty much the same:—"Fine young man, very good at his studies;" but one of them deserving especial eulogium, the circumstances were more detailed, and the elder added: "A year ago he could not write his own name, but so diligent was he that he now writes a good hand, and has equally progressed in his other studies. His report is excellent."

Now there appeared a group of ministers of various white churches, and the pastor of the coloured Baptist church, who

came to fraternize with their Methodist brethren. The bishop presented them each by name to his people, and bade them be seated as guests among them. The most striking among them was the Lutheran minister, a tall, stately man, with regular features, thoughtful expression, and an oriental beard. Another individual whom no one could have overlooked in this gathering was the agent of the "Methodist Book-Concern," a tall, florid, prosperous man, smoothly shaven and with vigorous-looking white hair. He was a regular "Yankee," as his quaint speech testified; we do not mean his accent, but his manner of speaking. He was evidently given to anecdote and to sensational announcements, and could have sat for the picture of the prosperous auctioneer in George Eliot's "Middlemarch." He patronized education in a large, emphatic way, and morally "patted on the back" the speaker whose father had been an "exhorter." But he outdid him in pleasant stories, some of which we attempt to reproduce. He likened education to a lake into which you throw puppies, to teach them to swim, and then descended on the cognate advantages of camp-meetings. All his talk was complacently jerky and effectively startling.

"Some years ago," he said, "I attended a camp-meeting in western New York. The exercises were continual; the faithful and elect were praying and singing all day, the ministers were very zealous, and the place was quite a show to the worldly people who came to see and enjoy the fun and the fervour. Well, you may think such a meeting was very barren when I tell you that no one was 'converted' but one miserable tin-peddler, who, with his donkey-load of goods, had stopped to ply his trade among the faithful. The meeting broke up, and the worldly spectators laughed at it; but I know how much good that one tin-peddler did after his conversion: how he became as good as a missionary, and sold tracts with his pots and pans; and when people could not afford to buy the tracts, he gave them away; or if folks would stop and have a talk with him, he turned the conversation on spiritual things, and did them more good than they themselves suspected at the time. . . . And when I come to think of what has been done in our day for foreign missions among the coloured race, and especially in the opening up of Africa, I say to myself, there is no knowing but that some day our children may assist at Methodist camp-meetings at the Mountains of the

Moon. . . Then see our mission funds, from what small beginnings they have swelled to hundreds of thousands! I remember when I was at school there was a boy who was very eager for foreign missions, but he was poor. Now we had a missionary fund to which we paid only two cents\* a month, but this boy very seldom had two cents to spend, and often had to borrow the money, which he repaid by earning it in some small boyish way, but he never missed giving his contribution, and never forgot to repay his debt. And what do you think happened to him since? The other day he gave twenty-five thousand dollars to our church, and often gives large contributions to any Methodist charity or school. He is a rich man now, and gets richer every day. But he had pluck and 'go' in him from the first. . . And now I'll tell you something about Rome, where for the first time there is a Methodist church and mission established. The ministers have made many converts among the *Eye-talian* soldiers, and you know those soldiers guard the pope, so that his enemies may not get at him. Just think of that: the pope is now protected by Methodist bayonets! And more than that, there's a nice Methodist altar in his old city, where he can go to, and be prayed for and repent, if he likes, for it is a free church, and every one can come if he only chooses."

Applause and merriment greeted these paradoxical announcements, and the speaker, who saw that he had produced a favourable stir, retired quite proud of his oratory. And indeed this style of lecturing, so often heard in temperance meetings, is about the most effective that can be used. The "Yankee" carried off the honours of the day, and took advantage of it to suggest that if any of the ministers wished to make arrangements for supplies of books suited for a school library in their respective parishes, he should be in Winchester that afternoon only, and would be glad to meet them to talk matters over.

The evening prayer-meetings were the really interesting part of the proceedings. The whole coloured population, and a large portion of the whites, crowded into the little church; people fainted with the heat, and sat almost on each other's knees; the railed space, the tribune steps, were full; and the speakers had the greatest trouble to move about. Though this

was no revival, and consequently not nearly so thrilling a time, yet the various scenes were very impressive. There was no theatrical display of unreal emotion; all was passionate, intense, and true. There were quite as many men as women, and the former seemed, if anything, the more moved of the two. No human respect was there; no one was ashamed to show his feelings, and elderly ministers sobbed like children whenever any word or aspiration of the speakers touched their hearts. The sermons or addresses generally began quietly enough; sometimes an appeal was made for the support of infirm pastors or their destitute widows and orphans (the collection on this occasion was confined to the two hundred ministers themselves), or some call for help was made for distant or foreign missions. After this the real exhortation began, and as the speaker warmed with his subject his face glistened, his gestures grew impassioned, his eyes shone through tears, and his whole body shook with excitement. There was no doctrine or controversy broached, but vague words, full of infinite suggestions, came pouring from his lips — *i.e.* the love of the Lord, how He died for the love of us all, how little we do to show Him our love, how He calls us at every moment, how His love watches over us, how our sins disappoint and wound Him. The changes were continually rung on this heavenly love, but the subject seemed ever new. It was inexhaustible, and the emotion produced was always as strong. Women rocked themselves to and fro, and groaned audibly, while cries of assent rose from all sides, from young and old, from men and women: "God grant it!" "Amen!" "Yes, that's so, that's so!" "Bless the Lord!" The sermon usually ended with a prayer; it does so almost naturally, it would seem, with all emotional people; the Italian preachers never fail, and often the French follow their example, to wind up with a prayer, during which their hearers kneel; and this end of a sermon is often the most impressive and heart-stirring part. The emotion in the coloured Methodist churches is no less, though it does not take the form of kneeling. Between the addresses (there were three every night) hymns were sung. Once we heard a curious melody, which some said was a native African one — a kind of swinging *crow*, full of spirit and yet of a wild melancholy. The singing was always in parts, and exquisitely accurate. The whole body of the people joined, and during an interval if any one

\* A penny.



felt impelled to start a verse of any other hymn, he or she would do so, and be quickly supported by others. One of their hymns, "Out on the Ocean sailing," was very good; but the next turned out to be a disguise of "Auld Lang Syne" fitted to hymn words. Allusions were sometimes made to slavery, and of course were responded to by a burst of enthusiasm, murmurs and pious ejaculations all strangely mixed together; but it must be remembered that the speakers were the intellectual flower of their people, and that their feeling is more acute and more educated than that of their flocks. Individually very few negroes ever suffered from the old system as they have from the destitution that has come upon them as a consequence of freedom; from cared-for servants many have become paupers, and the practical change cannot be compensated for in the minds of the illiterate by the theoretic progress from their former condition to that of a "free and independent citizen." Still, the allusion to slavery is a stock phrase in an address, and never fails to bring forth a feeling which does not really gauge the attitude of the average negro's mind concerning a question so complicated as the "peculiar institution."

The evening meetings were certainly the most attractive feature of the conference; one felt drawn to the scene by a great sympathy rather than a great curiosity. The effect of religious ideas on various temperaments is one of the most interesting studies to which man can apply himself. So much has been said of the bonds which unite the Creator with the more helpless and childlike part of His creation that we need not dwell on the subject here; it is more suited to the pulpit than to a sketch of this kind. And since people build so many various theories on one and the same fact, we will limit ourselves to supplying them with this groundwork, without hinting at our own thoughts with respect to this gathering of earnest, loving Christians. The last ceremony of the conference was the ordination service, which was held at the large and pretentious white Methodist church, a specimen of architecture which some of our artistic church-builders would with reason have wished to have existed at the time of the flood, that it might have been swept off the face of the earth. The same arrangement of the chancel-end prevailed as in the small church; the body of the church and the right-hand gallery were filled with negroes of every shade, while

the left-hand gallery was kept for the white congregation and the spectators. An harmonium had been placed just outside the railed space, and the choir assembled there. The candidates sat in two rows just in front of the rails, all arrayed in their best clothes, some of them in cloaks very like professors' robes. The bishop, in his certainly rather ungraceful dress, and many of the older ministers, sat within the rails. Before the service began hymns were sung, and the white brethren were not shy in making their wishes known to those below. One asked one coloured brother to sing "Home, sweet Home," and the people replied heartily, singing it better than any white body of singers ever did in our hearing, whether at church or concert-hall. Some one else then called for some other favourite tune, and the congregation gratified him, and so on several times. At last the service began with some prayers, and the bishop preached. An elder (just before the sermon) gravely entreated his brethren to abstain from the use of tobacco during the service, and to show their gratitude for the use of the church by leaving it as clean as it was when they entered. The men sat on one side, the women on the other, and all were decorous in the extreme. The sermon began; the duties of the minister were descanted on, and the general duty of perseverance and faith in God's intentions inculcated, which idea the preacher illustrated by telling his hearers the story of Columbus. He described very graphically, and with increasing emotion — though not animation — the disappointments which the discoverer had to encounter, and the feeling with which he at last desisted "land" after his dangerous journey. The audience had gradually grown very much excited; the slightest dramatic touch was enough; they seized upon it, and evinced as much feeling as if the facts were actually taking place before their eyes. At the word "land" the bishop pointed upwards — the first gesture he had used — and his hearers' emotion burst forth. Sobs were heard here and there, and two or three voices cried "Hallelujah!" There was a stir and a swaying through the crowd, and men bent their heads and women flung up their arms in a sort of nameless excitement. The bishop paused a little, then went on, rather more movedly than before, and evidently under some unusual spell of enthusiasm, of which in those quiet business meetings one would have supposed him incapable. Then he spoke of sorrow and resignation, and here



too he showed heartfelt emotion. He spoke of a little daughter of his, and described her gentleness and her winning ways, until it seemed as if every one in the crowd had his or her mind fixed on some one pet child of their own, some little hearth-angel they had cherished and lost; and every one was in tears, the men showing their feeling even more unrestrainedly than the women. "This little girl," said the bishop, "was only eight years old, but God took her from me by a terrible death—for she was burnt."

Here he paused, too much affected to go on; the tears stood in his eyes, and many of the white spectators wept with him. But with the negroes it was a real wail of desolation, an echo of Rachel's cry, and the sorrow was sincere, deep, and not so momentary, either. There were hardly any words or ejaculations this time, but the feeling was yet more marked. It must have gone to the speaker's heart and comforted it, for the sympathy was intense. After the sermon the ordination service was read; the deacons who were to become elders or ministers were ordained first, then those students who were to become deacons. They all stood at the rails in a row, and the bishop placed his hands on their bowed heads, and delivered the Bible into their hands, giving them authority to act as ministers of God's word. Among the deacons was an old white-headed man, who stood next to a stalwart, comely young mulatto. It was a touching contrast.

The rest of the day was spent in orderly rejoicing and family feasting. Two more services were held, as farewell pledges of peace and goodwill. During the week a few small parties were given among the *élite* of the coloured people, all householders and hotel-servants and others earning good wages being considered eligible. The pretty girls whom we have mentioned as nearly white were the envied beauties and queens of these gatherings, and perhaps the seeds were then sown which would some day ripen into a companionship that would make the young ministers' pastoral duties very light and sweet to them.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
JOHN FORSTER.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

I REMEMBER being awed by the presence and lofty manner of a gentleman living in Lincoln's Inn Fields—between walls of books—to whom my father presented me when I was nine years old. I was going away to a school in France; and my father, who was taking me across the Channel, had called on his friend to say "Good-bye." The lofty gentleman was kindly withal. He laid his hand upon my head while he talked to my father, and presently selected a book from his loaded table (to me there seemed to be nothing but books in the room), wrote my name in it, "with the best wishes of John Forster." This he handed to me with a grand manner, saying: "I hope you will attend to your studies. You must come back to us, William, quite a Frenchman." If I left Mr. Forster's presence deeply impressed with the conviction that he must be some very great man indeed, I was also very sure that he was a kind gentleman. The impression of the boy was correct. Under the grand, blustering, domineering manner there lay a warm and true heart; or Mr. John Forster had not commanded the close friendship of the foremost literary men and artists (among them being some of domineering and irascible spirit) of his day. It is of John Forster in the midst of his literary friendships that I propose to string together some notes; and it is because the stories about him that circulated among his friends generally refer to the majesty or arrogance of his manner that I insist in the beginning on the fine qualities which lay unharmed under it. The manner bore a strong resemblance to that of Macready on the stage; so that when Forster played Kately with the Dickens amateur troupe he was accused of servilely imitating the great tragedian, of whom he was known to be a passionate admirer, and the most enthusiastic and at the same time discerning critic.\* I played a minor part with the great company; and remember the infinite amusement we derived from the great tragedian airs which our Kately maintained throughout the rehearsals, and in the greenroom. He insisted upon having the best dressing-room, and on the night of the performance, upon holding himself aloof from the rest of the company. When the late Duke of Devonshire came to the the-

\* In the *Examiner*.

atre he brought with him a basket of superb Chatsworth pines and grapes as an offering to the company. Mr. Forster was shut up in his own dressing-room, and the basket was opened and tasted in his absence — an offence to his dignity of first tragedian, who should have been prayed to select before his humble *confères*, which he seriously resented — or as seriously as Dickens, my father, and Mark Lemon would permit.

After the performance our Kately was sweeping grandly out of the theatre, when my father said to Dickens: "Take care, or he'll go home with Mrs. Macready."

No man ever had a warmer affection and a higher respect for another than Charles Dickens had for John Forster. Indeed, the frequency with which Dickens had recourse to Forster's judgment, the fear in which he seemed to be when he took an important step unsupported by the concurrence of his friend, are made so manifest in his life as written by his friend, that many of Dickens's near and dear friends have been inclined to protest that they cannot admit the impression conveyed to the public to be the true one. Dickens was of more adventurous and independent spirit than he appears reflected to the public through his correspondence with Forster; and this would have been manifest had the biographer shown his subject in his intimate relations with others as well as himself. There exists a rich and varied Dickens correspondence which Forster would not touch. Who that knew Dickens well can conceive a picture of him to be complete that does not include some of his correspondence with the gentle and beloved Macclise, with Stanfield, with Leigh Hunt, with Ainsworth, with Douglas Jerrold, with Talfourd, Laman Blanchard, Wills, Charles Kent, and many others less known, but not less esteemed by Charles Dickens? In Forster's "Life" he stands alone near Dickens's heart, and the rest of the figures upon the canvas are but background to the two dominant figures.

We are admitted to feel the intensity of the friendship of which Dickens was capable. We become witnesses of the workings of his heart, of the boisterous, uncontrollable vitality of his nature, of his intense self-respect, and his thorough belief in his own genius and his solemn duty towards it; but we know him not (through the biography) in the various lights which his many close friendships cast upon him. We catch no glimpses of him as the adviser (and how earnestly and

wisely and affectionately he could counsel a fellow-creature in a strait!). He is always the adviser, and he has but one adviser. That shown to the world in this attitude he is exhibited in one not natural to him, the correspondence and material discarded or unsought by Mr. Forster would have abundantly proved.

A letter from Dickens to Laman Blanchard, addressed from 48, Doughty Street, lies before me. In it Dickens says: "I am writing to you with a sad heart, for I have just indited a few lines to poor Chatfield,\* to whom I should have written long since but for Forster's confounded assurance that it would be better not." I remember a fierce word-encounter between Dickens and Forster on the stage of Miss Kelly's theatre. Forster had gone on insisting that everything should be done according to his light, until he had exasperated his friend to an outburst, in which Kately received a volley of very hard words descriptive of his intolerable hectoring and self-sufficiency. The quarrel lasted till the morrow — but not beyond; for the affection beyond the two was too deep to let it live twenty-four hours. I cite these points only in illustration of a phase of Dickens's character which does not appear in Forster's biography, and by which Dickens suffers. Seen through his biographer's spectacles, Dickens is a timid man, leaning forever on another; whereas he was an intrepid, self-reliant worker and thinker. His eye, his voice, his manner, his gallant bearing on great occasions, proved this to all who knew him.

Dickens loved the high character, and thoroughly respected and trusted the opinion of his friend and biographer; he also delighted to contemplate his gorgeous manner when dealing with the smallest things, the imperial air with which he asked his famous servant Henry for his coat, the mighty look of command with which he hailed a cab.

Forster succeeded Dickens in the editorship of the *Daily News*, and many were the stories of the new editor's grandeur of address and autocratic bearing towards subordinates which speedily circulated through Whitefriars. The printers' boys trembled as they approached him; the sub-editors were under the spell of his majesty. Poor Knight Hunt, who afterwards became editor of the paper and died in the harness, had scores of stories of the high and mighty chief to tell. But the story that held its ground in every

\* The artist.

part of the establishment was that of the cabman who called for the editor at two in the morning to convey him home to Lincoln's Inn Fields. The cabman found it difficult to make the office porter understand whom he wanted. When described as the stout gentleman, the porter replied that there were several stout gentlemen in the editorial department. Was he tall or short?

"Neither one thing nor t'other," the cabman answered impatiently. "You know who I mean—I mean that there harbitrary cove."

The porter went direct to Mr. Forster's room, and told him his cab was waiting.

That Mr. Forster's "tremendous manner" was in no degree the consequence of a harsh or hard nature was shown in the devotion with which his personal attendants served him. The zeal and veneration with which his servant Henry waited upon him during many years were noticed by all his friends, and wondered at by some, for when Mr. Forster had an attack of gout (and he suffered cruelly in this way) his irascibility was indeed difficult to bear. But Henry never appeared to notice the storms that raged over his head. He kept quietly to his task; never answered the word of wrath, never showed by his manner that it had been uttered, and never permitted it to abate in the least degree his veneration for his master.

One day, at dinner, there was not soup enough to go round the table. The host, in his sternest manner and deepest voice, said—

"Henry, you see there is not enough mulligatawny."

Henry said quietly in his master's ear—"Please, sir, there is no more soup." Whereupon Forster turned with a tragedy air upon his man, and growled between his teeth—

"No more mulligatawny, Henry! LET THERE BE more mulligatawny!"

Henry paid no attention to the outburst, but went quietly on with his service. The storm, he knew, had spent itself. The blind devotion with which Henry did his service was illustrated on one occasion when his master had a dinner-party. During the dinner Henry was nervous, and made two or three blunders. His master chafed and fumed, and cast angry glances at his servant; but the poor man could not settle quietly to his duty. At last, when the dessert and wine had been placed upon the table, he stole timidly behind Mr. Forster's chair and said—

"Please, sir, can you spare me now?

my house has been on fire the last hour and a half."

The group of literary men and artists of whom Mr. Forster was the friend and adviser loved, in the summer, to meet at Thames Ditton for an afternoon in the fresh air, and a dinner by the banks of the river, and a drive to London in the cool of the evening. On one of these occasions, when Count d'Orsay was present and sat next Forster, the waiters were remiss, and the gaiety of the dinner-table was suffering in consequence.

Count d'Orsay ate cold butter with his flounders. In a quiet tone he said to one of the attendants—"Waiter, a slice of cold butter." But no cold butter came. Patiently and amiably the count presently repeated his request, and again he was doomed to disappointment. Forster had overheard the count, and seen the neglect with which he was treated. It was too much for him. Waiting his opportunity to seize upon the neglectful attendant, he turned fiercely upon him, and in a voice of thunder said—"Gracious heaven! waiter—a slice of cold butter for the flounders of the count!"

The roll of the rounded sentence set the table in a roar; and Forster was not the least amused of the company—for he could laugh at his own outbursts heartily.

As—at Dickens's table, one day, when somebody asked the host how many children he had.

"Four," said Dickens.

Whereupon Forster interrupted, with an air of great authority—

"Dickens, you have five children."

"Upon my word, Forster," Dickens expostulated, "allow me to know the number of my own family."

"Five, my dear Dickens," was the firm rejoinder.

When it was proved that four was the correct number, Forster gave in with a laugh.

These touches of eccentric authority were a source of infinite amusement to all Forster's friends, but especially to Dickens, whose sense of humour was always alive. He used to describe an inspection he had made of some improvements Forster had effected in his chambers, in his happiest manner. Between his bedroom and his sitting-room Forster had contrived a dark, narrow space, to which he directed his friend's attention.

"What is that?" Dickens asked.

"That, my dear Dickens," Forster answered, with all his grand manner,—  
"that is my plunge-bath!"

So much for the eccentric side of Mr. Forster's character. Its higher phases were even more remarkable. There must have been something of commanding excellence in the young man who, owing nothing to fortune or to powerful friends, came up to London, and while yet a youth took his place among the leading literary men of his time. So completely had he established his position in 1837 (he was then twenty-five) that he then became engaged to L. E. L., who was at the height of her fame and courted by hosts of admirers.

The story of this engagement is a very melancholy one. While it existed rumours detrimental to the lady's character got abroad; and were so systematically concocted and so widely disseminated that it was resolved to force the slanderers to speak out, to trace the slander to its source, and so to end it. L. E. L. herself insisted ardently on this inquiry. We are told that the refutation which the evil report met, in the course of the investigation, was as effectual and complete as it was possible to be. What followed is described in Blanchard's "Life of L. E. L.:"

"What should follow, then, but the fulfilment of the marriage contract? As there was not the slightest scruple previously, on his (Forster's) own account, in the mind of the other party to that contract, so not the slightest scruple remained now as an impediment. The bare existence of such a scruple would, of course, have been fatal to her peace and happiness. There was none affecting her honour in the remotest degree. Yet the contract was broken off by her. However strong and deep the sentiment with which she had entered into it, she had the unflinching resolution to resist its promptings; and in the spirit of the communication at this period, between her and the gentleman to whom she was engaged, it is not difficult to perceive that the same high-minded feeling on both sides, the same nice sense of honour; and the same stubborn yet delicate pride (neither, perhaps, discerning in the other the exact qualities that governed the conduct of both) so operated as to dictate a present sacrifice of affection, and the avoidance of a contract under the circumstances which had so controlled the parties to it."

The shock was very heavy to poor, delicate L. E. L., who had a brave and turbulent spirit housed in a gossamer frame. From her sick-room she wrote to Mr. Forster the decision her proud spirit dictated:—

"I have already written to you two notes

which I fear you could scarcely read or understand. I am to-day sitting up for an hour, and though strictly forbidden to write, it will be the least evil. I wish I could send you my inmost soul to read, for I feel at this moment the utter powerlessness of words. I have suffered for the last three days a degree of torture that made Dr. Thompson say, 'You have an idea what the rack is now.' It was nothing to what I suffered from my own feelings. I look back on my whole life—I can find nothing to justify my being the object of such pain; but this is not what I meant to say. Again I repeat that I will not allow you to consider yourself bound to me by any possible tie. To any friend to whom you may have stated our engagement, I cannot object to your stating the truth. Do every justice to your own kind and generous conduct. I am placed in a most cruel and difficult position. Give me the satisfaction of, as far as rests with myself, having nothing to reproach myself with. The more I think, the more I feel I ought not—I cannot—allow you—to unite yourself with one accused of—I cannot write it. The mere suspicion is dreadful as death. Were it stated as a fact, that might be disproved; were it a difficulty of any other kind, I might say, look back at every action of my life—ask any friend I have; but what answer can I give, or what security have I against the assertion of a man's vanity, or the slander of a vulgar woman's tongue? I feel that to give up all idea of a near and dear connection is as much my duty to myself as to you. Why should you be exposed to the annoyance—the mortification, of having the name of the woman you honour with your regard coupled with insolent insinuation?—you never would bear it.

"I have just received your notes. God bless you—but—

"After Monday I shall, I hope, be visible; at present it is impossible. My complaint is inflammation of the liver, and I am ordered complete repose—as if it were possible! Can you read this? Under any circumstances, the

"Most grateful and affectionate of your friends,

"L. E. LANDON."

L. E. L.'s marriage with Governor Maclean, of Cape Coast Castle, and her tragic death, happened within little more than a year from the day when the foregoing was written to Mr. Forster. It has been often said, by many who knew the betrothed, that L. E. L. was piqued at the resigna-

tion with which Mr. Forster received his dismissal. That a feeling which was not love prompted her to accept the suit of Mr. Maclean was evident to all her friends. It is probable that the authoress of "The Vow of the Peacock" expected her lover to treat her with extravagant chivalry; to refuse his *congé*, though given again and again; to listen to no reasoning away of his love, and to worship his mistress only the more passionately for the dark clouds that had settled over her head. Whereas she was met by a man of honour who, while maintaining the completest faith in her innocence and remaining ready to marry her, was sufficiently master of himself to defer to her arguments when she showed cause why their engagement should be at an end.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

ALL that is wise has been thought already; we must try, however, to think it again.

How shall you learn to know yourself? — Not by contemplation, but action. Strive to do your duty, and you will soon discover what stuff you are made of.

But what is your duty? — To fulfil the claims of the day.

The rational universe is to be considered as a great undying individual, which is incessantly producing that which it must, and thereby makes itself lord over even the accidental.

The longer I live the more it annoys me to see man, whose highest function consists in ruling nature, and in emancipating himself and those belonging to him from the encompassing necessity — when I see him, from some false preconceived notion, doing the very reverse of what he intended, and then miserably bungling about in the parts because the design of the whole is spoilt.

Let the active able man deserve and expect:

- From the great — grace;
- From the powerful — favour;
- From the good and active — help;
- From the multitude — liking;
- From the individual — love.

Every one must think in his own way; for he will always discover some sort of truth or approximation to truth which

helps him through his life. But he must not let himself drift along; he must exercise self-control; it befits not man to allow himself to be ruled by mere instinct.

Unlimited activity of whatever kind must at last end in bankruptcy.

In the works of man, as in those of nature, it is the intention which is chiefly worth studying.

Men come to mistake themselves and others because they treat the means as an end, the consequence being that their very activity prevents their accomplishing anything, or perhaps effects the reverse of what was designed.

What we plan, what we undertake, should already be so clearly mapped out and so beautiful in its proportions that the world by interfering could only mar it. We should thus be in an advantageous position to adjust what might have got out of joint, and to replace what had been destroyed.

It is extremely difficult to correct and sift whole, half, and quarter errors, and to put what of truth they contain in its proper place.

Truth need not always be embodied; enough if it hover around like a spiritual essence, which gives one peace and fills the atmosphere with a solemn sweetness like harmonious music of bells.

"Blowing is not playing the flute; you must use your fingers."

Generalizations and great self-conceit are always preparing the most lamentable mishaps.

Botanists have a class of plants which they name *Incomplete*; we might in the same sense speak of incomplete, imperfect men — those, namely, whose longing and struggling are not in proportion to their doing and performing.

The smallest man may be complete by confining his actions within the limits of his capacity and skill; but even fine gifts are obscured, ruined, and annihilated if the indispensable proportion be wanting. This mischief will often display itself in this new time; for who can hope to fulfil satisfactorily the claims of an age everywhere full of exaggeration and also in rapidest movement?

Only persons of wise activity, who, having gauged their powers, use them with sense and moderation, may hope to become proficient in their knowledge of the universe.



A great mistake : to hold oneself too high and rate oneself too cheap.

I occasionally meet with young men in whom I see nothing I could wish altered or improved ; nevertheless I feel anxious when I see them thoroughly able to swim with the current of the times ; and I am continually impelled in this case to call their attention to the fact that man, in his frail boat, had the rudder placed in his hands in order that he might not allow himself to be swayed by chance currents, but by the dictates of his judgment.

But how shall a young man by his unaided efforts discover that which everybody does, approves, and promotes to be hurtful and reprehensible ? How shall he not let his nature and temperament waft him in the same direction ?

I must regard it as the greatest misfortune of our time, in which nothing is allowed to attain to maturity, that each moment is swallowed up by its successor, the day dissipated within the day, and that people thus continually live from hand to mouth, without in reality furthering anything. Do we not already possess newspapers for every hour of the day ? A ready wit, certainly, might still intercalate this, that, and the other. Thus what everybody thinks, fancies, does, nay intends doing, is dragged into publicity. Nobody must suffer and rejoice but as a pastime for others, the news flying from house to house, from city to city, from country to country, and, at last, from continent to continent, with incredible velocity.

But we can as little hope to put down the steam-engine as these phenomena showing themselves in the moral world : the animation of commerce, the swift passage of paper money, the accumulation of debt to pay debt, such are the enormously complicated elements which the young man is called upon to deal with at present. It is well if he is endowed by nature with quiet and moderation, making no exorbitant claims on the world on the one hand, nor allowing himself to be swayed by it on the other.

In every circle the time-spirit lies in wait for him, and nothing is more necessary than to point out to him early enough the direction in which his will ought to steer.

The importance of the most innocent speeches and acts increases with our years, and I strive continually to direct the attention of those whom I see often about

me, to the difference there is between sincerity, confidence, and indiscretion ; nay, that in reality there is no difference, but rather a subtle transition — which ought to be noticed, or, better still, felt — from what is most harmless to the most mischievous.

To this end we ought to cultivate our tact, or we run the risk of inadvertently forfeiting people's favour from the same cause which first gained it us. We naturally learn this in our course through life, but only after having paid a heavy school-fee for it, which unfortunately we cannot prevent our successors from being obliged to pay likewise.

The relation of the arts and sciences to life varies in proportion to the stage of development they have attained, to the character of the times, and a thousand other accidental circumstances ; it is not easy for any one, therefore, to form a sound conclusion on the subject as a whole.

Poetry acts chiefly at the earlier stage of human conditions, be they either quite rude, half-civilized, or in a transitional period of civilization ; or at the first acquaintance with an alien civilization, so that one may say the action of novelty is always concerned in it.

Music, in the best sense, does not require novelty ; nay, the older it is and the more we are accustomed to it, the greater its effect.

The dignity of art perhaps chiefly manifests itself in music, as it contains no adventitious elements. Consisting chiefly in form and feeling, it heightens and refines whatever it expresses.

Music is either sacred or profane. The sacred character is thoroughly suited to its dignity, and through this it exercises the most potent influence on life, an influence continuing the same at all times and epochs. Profane music ought to be permeated by cheerfulness.

That species of music which mixes up the sacred and profane character is godless, while that of a hybrid kind, which loves to express weak, pitiable, and miserable feelings, becomes absurd ; for it is not grave enough for sacredness, and lacks the leading characteristics of its opposite — gaiety.

The sacred character of church music, the gaiety and sportiveness of popular melodies, are the two hinges on which music turns. An infallible effect is always produced by either kind — devotion or dancing. The blending of these two ele-

ments is confusing, the dilution turns rapid; and when music endeavours to accommodate itself to didactic or descriptive poetry, it becomes cold.

Plastic art produces an effect upon us at only its highest stage. On various accounts we may be impressed by mediocre works, but, on the whole, they perplex more than delight us. Sculpture, therefore, should strive to lay hold on a subsidiary interest in the subject, such as is found in the likenesses of remarkable men. But in these, also, a high degree of excellence must be attained, in order to combine the attributes of truth and dignity.

Painting is the most facile and accommodating of all the arts. The most facile because, even in cases where it is more of a craft than an art, we tolerate and take pleasure in much of it on account of the subject-matter; partly because technical skill, however spiritless in point of execution, impresses the educated and uneducated alike, so that it is generally acceptable if it rises but partially to the level of art. Truth in colouring, in surfaces, and in the relation of visible objects to one another, is in itself pleasing; and as the eye, moreover, is accustomed to see everything, a misshapen object, either in reality or in counterfeit, is not as offensive to it as a discord is to the ear. We tolerate the sorriest copy because we habitually see yet sorer objects. If the painter, therefore, is but in some degree an artist, he will find more public appreciation than a musician of the same rank; the minor painter, at least, can always act by himself, whereas the musician of like standing must co-operate with others, in order to produce some effect by means of combined performances.

The question as to whether or no we ought to institute comparisons in criticising works of art might be answered as follows: The *connoisseur* ought to compare, for he has formed a conception, an idea of what can and ought to be produced. The *amateur*, on the road to culture, however, finds most furtherance in abstaining from comparisons, and viewing each merit separately; by this means feeling and perception for the more general elements are gradually developed. The comparisons of the uninitiated are, in fact, a species of indolence fain to escape the trouble of judgment.

Love of truth shows itself in discovering and appreciating what is good wherever it may exist.

By historically tempered human feeling, we understand one which is so regulated that, in estimating contemporary merits and capacities, the past is also taken into account.

The best result to be derived from history is the enthusiasm it kindles.

Originality challenges originality.

We must remember that there are many people who, although lacking originality, yet wish to say something striking, and thus the most whimsical things of all sorts are produced.

People of a profound and serious turn of mind are placed in a difficult position as regards the public.

Let him who would have me for a listener speak positively; of the problematic I have enough within myself.

Superstition is so innate in man that if we try to expel it it retreats to the oddest nooks and corners, reappearing unexpectedly when it may hope for any security.

We should know many things better did we not wish to know them too minutely; for an object first assumes just proportions for us at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The microscope and telescope have a tendency to confuse our proper human understanding.

I hold my peace concerning many things, as I do not wish to perplex my fellow-men, and am content to see them rejoicing at what irritates me.

Everything is pernicious that emancipates our intellect without at the same time strengthening our self-control.

It is the what rather than the how which usually interests people in a work of art; for while able to grasp the former in its parts they cannot apprehend the latter as a whole. Hence comes the love of extracting passages—in the course of which, however, if we are careful observers, we shall see that the total effect is again reproduced, only, in this case, unconsciously to everybody.

The question as to whence the poet has derived his work concerns his subject-matter alone; of the how one never learns anything.

Imagination is only regulated by art, more especially by poetry. There is nothing more frightful than imagination devoid of taste.

Mannerism is produced by missing the ideal—is, in fact, a subjective ideal; it rarely, therefore, is wanting in ingenuity.

The philologist depends on the congruity of written tradition. Thus, a manuscript forming the object of research is often full of gaps, of faults of orthography and other objectionable qualities, necessarily producing corresponding gaps in the sense. Perhaps a second, perhaps a third copy is discovered, and by instituting comparisons between them the possibility increases of eliciting sense and reason from the manuscript. Nay, the philologist makes still another step, and trusts that his own efforts unaided by external appliances, may enable him not only to understand the matter in hand, but to reconstruct it afresh as a consistent whole. But special tact and absorption in the departed author being required for this, as well as a certain degree of inventive power, we must not blame the philologist if he also arrogate the right of judgment in matters of taste in which, however, he is not always equally successful.

The poet's function consists in representation. This reaches its climax when it rivals reality, or, in other words, when its descriptions are vivified by his genius to such a degree that they appear actually present. Poetry, at its culminating point, makes the impression of something absolutely external, and as soon as it assumes an inward character its decline begins. That kind of poetry which only represents the inner without embodying it in some external form, or without making us feel the exterior by means of the inner world, is in either case the last stage whence it retrogrades into common life.

Oratory enjoys all the rights and privileges of poetry; it uses and abuses them in order to obtain certain outward, moral and immoral, ends momentarily advantageous in common life.

The real merit of the so-called *Volkslied* consists in its subject being directly inspired by nature. But the poet of culture could enjoy the same advantage if he knew how to avail himself of it.

As a really educated man, however, he will lack that pithiness of phrase always more or less at the command of simply natural persons.

Only he can judge of history who has had a history of his own. This equally applies to nations. The Germans have only become judges of literature since they have possessed a literature themselves.

We are only really alive when we enjoy the good-will of others.

Piety is not an end, but a means of attaining the highest degree of culture by perfect peace of mind. Hence it is to be observed that those who make piety an end and aim in itself for the most part become hypocrites.

"One must do more when one is old than when one was young."

Even the fulfilment of duty leaves a sense of being indebted, because we are never thoroughly satisfied with ourselves.

It is only the loveless who descry defects in others; to perceive these, therefore, we must become loveless, but not more than is absolutely necessary.

The greatest good fortune is that which amends our imperfections and balances our faults.

We only acknowledge him who is of use to us. We acknowledge the monarch because his government renders our property secure. We expect that he will afford us protection against unpleasant circumstances at home or abroad.

The stream is the miller's friend as well as servant, and rushes gladly over the wheel: what good in creeping listlessly through the valley?

He who contents himself with simple experience, and acts accordingly, possesses a sufficient amount of truth. The growing child may be called wise in this sense.

The only use of theories is that they make us believe in the connection of phenomena.

Every abstract truth, if practically applied, is brought home to human understanding by action and observation, and so the human understanding is led on to abstract reasoning.

He who pitches his demands too high, and who delights in intricate circumstances, is liable to error.

Inference from analogy is not to be condemned; the advantage of this method is, that it settles nothing definitely — does not, in fact, aim at finality; while the danger of induction, on the contrary, consists in the placing before itself of a deliberate aim, and hurrying true and false ideas along with it in its endeavour to reach it.

Ordinary apprehension, or a correct view of human affairs, is the general heirloom of common sense.

Pure apperception of the outer and inner world is, on the contrary, very rare.

The first manifests itself in the practical understanding, and directly through action; the latter symbolically, chiefly in mathematics, by means of forms and numbers, through speech, and in an original, metaphorical manner in the poetry of genius and the proverbs of common sense.

Absent things act upon us by means of tradition. History may be called ordinary tradition; while that of a higher kind is mythical, and nearly related to imagination; but if we still seek a third kind of meaning in it, it is transformed to mysticism. It also easily assumes a subjective character, so that we only appropriate that which is sympathetic to ourselves.

The forces to be taken into account if we wish to be truly helped forward in our development, are :

Preparatory,  
Concomitant,  
Co-operative,  
Auxiliary,  
Furthering,  
Strengthening,  
Hindering, and  
After-working influences.

In contemplation, as well as in action, we must distinguish between what is attainable and what is not: failing this, we can accomplish little either in life or knowledge.

*Le sens commun est le génie de l'humanité.*

The common sense which would pass for the genius of mankind must be judged by its utterances in the first place. If we enquire what are the uses to which it is put by mankind, we shall discover the following: Man is conditioned by wants. If these are not satisfied he grows impatient, and if they are, indifferent. Man, therefore, properly speaking, oscillates between these two states; he turns his understanding, or so-called common sense, to account, to satisfy his wants; but, having succeeded in this, it behoves him to fill up the vacuum produced by indifference. And if this is confined within the narrowest and most necessary limits, he may hope to succeed in his endeavours. But if his wants are of a higher nature, if they transcend the circle of ordinary life, common sense no longer suffices, ceases to be genius, and the realm of error opens out before mankind.

Nothing happens, however foolish, which common sense and fortune may not set right again; but nothing reasonable

can take place that chance and folly may not again put out of joint.

A great idea is no sooner embodied externally than it acts in a certain sense despotically; whence its accompanying advantages soon turn to drawbacks. It is possible, therefore, to defend and praise every institution by recalling its beginnings, and by demonstrating that everything that was applicable to it at that time must still continue to be so.

Lessing, who had himself to submit reluctantly to various restraints, makes one of his characters say that "no man can be forced against his will." A clever man, of a cheerful disposition, said: "He who wills, must;" while a third person of culture added, "He who comprehends, will also." They fancied that they had thus embraced the entire circle of apprehension, volition, and necessity. But, on the whole, man's apprehension of things, whatever its nature, determines his conduct; hence nothing is more frightful than active ignorance.

There are two peaceful powers: Justice and fitness.

Justice claims what is due, polity what is seemly. Justice weighs and decides; polity surveys and orders. Justice refers to the individual. Polity to the community.

The history of the sciences is a mighty fugue, in which the voice of nation after nation becomes successively audible.

If a man will perform all that people require of him, he must overrate himself.

And we willingly tolerate his self-esteem if it does not grow absurd.

Work makes the workman.

It is much easier to put oneself in the place of a mind involved in positive error than in that of one which dallies with half-truths.

The pleasure which Germans take in a certain license in art is due to their bungling propensities; for the bungler shrinks from acknowledging a right method, lest he annihilate himself.

It is painful to see how a man of remarkable genius often wars with himself, his circumstances and his times, and consequently never succeeds in his objects. The poet Bürger is a sad case in point.

The highest respect which an author can show the public is not by gratifying its expectations, but by offering what he himself at various times may consider use-

ful and appropriate to the stages of culture attained by himself and others.

There is no wisdom save in truth.

Everybody can detect an error, but not a lie.

The German, having freedom of opinions, does not therefore feel his want of freedom in matters of intellect and taste.

Are there not riddles enough in the world without our making riddles of the simplest phenomena?

The smallest hair casts its shadow.

What things in my life I tried to accomplish under false tendencies, I have nevertheless come to understand at last.

A freehanded disposition is sure to get favour, especially when accompanied by humility.

Ere the bursting forth of the storm the dust, so soon to be laid, is violently agitated for the last time.

Even with the best will and inclination, one does not easily know his neighbour, and ill-will frequently supervenes, disfiguring everything.

We should know one another better did we not always try to put ourselves on a par with each other.

Eminent men fare badly therefore; as one cannot compare oneself to them, one keeps a sharp look-out for their faults.

Knowledge of man is of far less consequence in the world than to possess the knack, at any given moment, of outwitting the man one has to deal with. This is proved at fairs and by mountebanks.

It does not follow that wherever there is water there must be frogs; but wherever we hear frogs there is water.

He who knows no language but his own does not even know that.

Errors are not of much consequence in youth, but we must guard against dragging them with us into our old age.

Superannuated errors are fusty, unprofitable lumber.

By the tyrannical folly of Cardinal Richelieu, Corneille had lost confidence in himself.

Nature gets into specializations—aye, into a blind alley, where she cannot go forward and will not turn back: hence the obstinacy of natural culture.

That metamorphosis in the higher sense which consists in taking and giving, winning and losing, was long since excellently depicted by Dante.

Everybody has a certain something in his nature which, if publicly avowed, must excite displeasure.

When a man begins to ponder over his physical or moral nature, he usually discovers that he is sick.

It is a demand of nature that a man be sometimes lulled without going to sleep; thence the pleasure from smoking, drinking, and opiates.

It is important for a man of action to do right, but he should not disturb himself as to whether right is done.

Many beat about the wall with a hammer, fancying at every blow that they are hitting the nail on the head.

The French language has arisen not from the written but the spoken words of the Latin tongue.

The casually-actual, in which for the moment we can neither discern a law of nature nor of the will, is called the common.

The painting and tattooing of the body is a return to animalism.

To write history is one fashion of getting rid of the past.

We do not possess what we do not understand.

Not everybody becomes productive on having a germinal idea transmitted to him; it may only serve to suggest something already quite well known.

Weak-minded persons dispense favours because they consider it a mark of sovereignty.

Nothing is so commonplace but will seem humorous if expressed with a certain oddity of manner.

People always retain sufficient energy to do that of which they are convinced.

Let memory fail so long as you can rely on your judgment at a moment's notice.

The so-called nature poets are men of fresh talents, who have appeared in a stagnant, mannered, and over-cultivated epoch of art,—but rejected by it. They cannot avoid certain platitudes, and may, therefore, seem to have a retrograde tendency; yet they exercise a regenerating influence and cause new progress.

A nation has no judgment till it can judge itself. And this great advantage is of late attainment.

Instead of contradicting my words people should act according to my meaning.

The adversaries of an honest cause do



but beat on burning coals; these are scattered abroad and inflame, when otherwise they would not have produced any effect.

Man were not the noblest creature on the earth if he were not too noble for it.

One must leave certain minds in undisturbed possession of their idiosyncrasies.

Works of a certain order are now produced which are null and void without being absolutely bad; null for want of substance, yet not bad, as their authors had the general outline of good models in their mind's eye.

He who shirks the idea ends by becoming incapable of forming conceptions.

We justly call those men our masters from whom we always learn; but not every one of whom we learn deserves this title.

Lyrical work ought to be full of reason as a whole, and a little unreasonable in detail.

You are all of you like the ocean, which, distinguished by different appellations, is, after all, nothing but salt water.

Empty self-praise is said to smell amiss; that may be, but the public has no nose for the detection of unjust blame of others.

The novel is a subjective epic, in which the author asks permission to manipulate the world in his particular manner; all that concerns us, therefore, is to ask whether he has such a manner, and the rest follows of itself.

There are problematical natures unfit for every condition in which they are placed and satisfied with none. Thence arises the monstrous conflict which consumes life without enjoyment.

The real good we do occurs chiefly *clandestinely*, *vi, et precario* (i.e. secretly, perforce, and accidentally).

It is difficult to be just to the present moment; if indifferent, it bores us; the good one has to carry, and the bad to drag along.

I should say the happiest man is he who can link the end of his life with its commencement.

Man is of so obstinately contradictory a nature that he will not allow himself to be forced to his own advantage, yet suffers constraints of all kinds which tend to his harm.

Foresight is simple, afterthought very complicated.

There must be something wrong about

a condition which involves one in fresh troubles every day.

Nothing is more common when on the point of committing an imprudent action than to be on the look-out for a possible escape.

It is with true opinions which one has the courage to utter as with pawns first advanced on the chessboard: they may be beaten, but they have inaugurated a game which must be won.

It is as certain as it is wonderful that truth and error spring from the same source; we must often, therefore, beware of injuring error lest we injure truth at the same time.

Truth appertains to man, while error is of time. It was, therefore, remarked of an extraordinary man: "*Le malheur des tems a causé son erreur, mais la force de son âme l'en a fait sortir avec gloire.*"

Everybody has peculiarities which he cannot get rid of; and yet, however harmless they may be, they are frequently the cause of a man's failure.

He who seems not to himself more than he is, is more than he seems.

In art and science no less than in action, everything depends on the object being clearly apprehended and treated conformably to the law of its nature.

When we find sensible and ingenious persons judging meanly of science in their old age, the reason simply is, that their expectations regarding it and themselves had been pitched too high.

I pity those who bewail the mutability of things, and who lose themselves in speculations concerning the nothingness of the world: what are we here for, if not to make the transitory lasting, and this is only possible if we can estimate both at their true value.

What the French call *tournure* is nothing but conceit softened by grace. This may convince us that Germans cannot possibly have *tournure*: for their conceit is hard and crude, their gentleness mild and humble; and, as one quality thus excludes the other, they can never be blended.

Nobody looks any longer at the rainbow which has lasted a quarter of an hour.

It has often happened to me, and does still, that a work of art displeases me on a first inspection, because I am not up to its mark; but if I suspect that it has merits I endeavour to penetrate its secret, and I then invariably make the most delightful

discoveries; descrying new properties in the thing and new capacities in myself.

Faith is a domestic and private capital, as there are public savings-banks and relief-funds, out of which individuals receive assistance in times of scarcity; but here the believer himself silently draws his interest.

The evil of pietism consists not so much in its obstruction of true, useful, and intelligible ideas, as in the circulation of false ones.

It has struck me, after having devoted much attention to the study of the lives of superior and inferior persons, that we might consider them as respectively the warp and woof of the world's web; for the former really determines the breadth of the fabric, whereas the latter regulate its durability and consistence, with the addition, perhaps, of some sort of design. The shears of the Parcæ, on the other hand, control its length, to which all else is finally forced to submit. We will not, however, carry the metaphor any farther.

Books have a fate of their own, of which nothing can deprive them.

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,  
Who never spent the darksome hours  
Weeping and watching for the morrow,  
He knows you not, ye unseen Powers.\*

A noble and honoured queen was wont to repeat these sorrowful lines when, condemned to the cruellest exile, she herself became a prey to inexpressible grief. She made herself familiar with a work containing these words as well as so many other painful experiences, and derived thence a melancholy consolation. How is it possible thenceforth to arrest an influence already stretching into boundless time?

I was perfectly delighted, when in the Apollo gallery of the Villa Frascati at Rome, to see with what felicitous invention Domenichino has depicted the scenes most appropriate to the character of Ovid's "Metamorphoses;" one remembers, too, that the delight of the pleasantest things is enhanced by being experienced amid magnificent scenery, nay, that noble surroundings lend a certain dignity and significance to even the most indifferent moments of our life.

Truth is a torch, but one of enormous size; so that we try to slink past it in

rather a blinking fashion for fear it should burn us.

The wise have much in common. — *Æschylus.*

A particular want of good sense in many sensible people consists in their not knowing how to interpret what another says when he has not said it exactly as he ought.

Everybody thinks that because he can speak he is entitled to speak about language.

Tolerance comes with age. I see no fault committed that I myself could not have committed at some time or other.

One is never conscientious during action: none but the looker-on has a conscience.

Do the happy really believe that one who suffers is bound to perish with the dignity which the Roman populace required of the gladiator?

Somebody asked Timon's advice respecting the instruction of his children. "Let them," he replied, "be taught that which they will never comprehend."

There are people towards whom I feel well disposed, and could wish that I were able to be still better disposed.

Even as long habit may induce us to glance at a watch that has stopped, we may look in a fair lady's eyes as though she loved us still.

Hate is an active, envy a passive displeasure; it need not surprise us, therefore, to see how quickly envy passes into hate.

There is a certain magic in rhythm leading us to believe that its sublimity belongs to ourselves.

Dilettantism taken *au sérieux*, and a mechanical manner of treating science, become pedantry.

Only a master can further art. But patrons may with propriety stimulate the artist himself; this, however, does not always further the interests of art.

"Perspicuity consists in a proper distribution of light and shade." — *Hamann.* Hear, hear!

Shakespeare abounds in wonderful metaphors, which are personified ideas, in fact a manner ill adapted to our times, but quite appropriate in an age when art of every kind was under the influence of allegory.

He also takes his similes from objects whence we would not borrow ours; as, for example, from books. Printing had al-

\* These lines are quoted from Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister." The queen was Louisa of Prussia.

ready been discovered for more than a century, yet a book was still regarded as a sacred object, as may be gathered from the bindings of that time; and hence it came that the high-minded poet regarded it as something dear and venerable; but our books are merely stitched together, and we are rarely conscious of respect for either cover or contents.

The most foolish of all mistakes consists in young men of sound talents fearing to lose their originality by acknowledging truths which have already been recognized by others.

Scholars have usually an invidious manner of refuting others; an error in their eyes assuming at once the proportions of a crime.

It is impossible that beauty should ever distinctly apprehend itself.

No sooner had subjective, or so-called sentimental poetry been placed on a level with poetry of an objective and realistic tendency, a consummation not to be avoided unless we choose to condemn all modern poetry, than it was to be expected that, even in the case of the advent of men of true poetical genius, they would thenceforth prefer depicting the intimate experiences of the inner life to that of the great and busy world around them. And this method now prevails to such an extent that we actually possess a poetry without tropes, to which one must concede, however, certain merits of its own.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

CERTAIN things, once the possession of humanity, have been lost to the world forever — books, arts, and even lands; but we are in danger now of losing something more valuable than any of these — namely, the childhood of our children, the maidenliness of our maidens. Where are the children, as we knew them in days gone by, when simplicity and innocence were part of their charter, and to be a child meant to be fresh, unspoiled, and free from the taint of dangerous knowledge? Gone with the dream of the things that were and are not. They are not to be found in the precocious fledglings dragged about the Continent on autumn tours, or sitting at *tables d'hôte* with the governess at Nice while the father and mother are killing time and something more at Monaco. They are not among the miniature

men and women who honour us with their presence when we give a juvenile entertainment, who come to criticise our Christmas-tree, which they seldom find good enough to praise, to pronounce our dance a bore, and our supper a sell; not among those unhappy little ones whom fond parents dress up in picturesque costumes for fancy balls, teaching them a self-complacency, a self-consideration far beyond their years, and only too easily learnt; and least of all are they among those still more unhappy little ones who act plays for the amusement of a grave and grown-up audience, and are stimulated by applause and excitement into a state of moral intoxication wherein all that makes youth lovely is lost forever. For the cleverer they are for their years, the more disastrously their talent works on their natures; and one of the saddest sights known to us is that of a bright, pretty, vivacious little girl acting her saucy part with *aplomb* and assurance, failing in all that makes childhood most lovely just in proportion as she succeeds in her attempt to be some one else than herself.

By the very nature of things it is difficult for the children of the London fashionable world to preserve their innocence and childishness, victims as they are, now by association and now by exclusion, to the fast social life of their parents. From their cradles they are subjected to the closest intercourse with nurses highly recommended by ladies anxious to get rid of them, and whose relations are to be found mainly in doubtful circumstances and shady quarters. Admitted to the questionable gossip of the monthly nurse when she enters the nursery circle on authorized occasions, and to the continued confidences of the resident nurses, who perhaps are gross through ignorance rather than through vice, the children are reared from the beginning under the shadow of the tree of knowledge, and are made free of the blossoms before their time comes to eat of the fruit. But if the nurses are not the wisest or best rears of our children, fine-lady mothers are not much better; and the dressed-up dolls whose velvet and point-lace are shown off to visitors in the drawing-room not unfrequently hear there more than is good for them of what, if they do not understand it to its fullest extent now, they think of hereafter and meditate on till they have found out the riddle. One kind of fine-lady mother certainly leaves her children to be brought up by nurses without much assistance from her even for the show-hour in the

drawing-room. They are circumstances of her existence which she takes care shall give her no trouble — conditions of her married life which represent a certain loss of time and so much personal annoyance, reduced by wise management to a minimum; and she has no desire to inflict on her friends a *corvée* repudiated by herself. So far her visiting world has cause for gratitude. But the mother whose maternal instinct is large and her reasoning faculties small, who prides herself on her love for her offspring, and insists that her acquaintances shall partake in her glory, adopts the foolish plan of having the children brought down to see all her visitors, and of converting her drawing-room into a small bear-garden, where every one is uncomfortable alike. The children are the axis on which all the conversation turns. You are expected to be interested when you are told of their gifts and graces — how Mary writes verses and Tommy makes music, and how sweetly Ellen and Harry repeat their poetry — just as you are expected to be polite when they pull your whiskers and fight for your watch, and to smile, as at a good acrobatic feat, when Jacky makes a flying leap into your hat, Harry scrambles on to your knee and informs the company that you wear a wig, and that he can see gold in your mouth. The natural sequel to such a course is that the position becomes untenable even for the most indulgent mother, and that the darlings are sent in the end to school, there to continue their education.

After the forcing-houses of the nursery and the drawing-room, their minds are now sufficiently matured to develop any seeds for evil and precocious knowledge that may drop into the untilled soil; and, on getting to their first school, it is generally enough for children to unite their experiences to get all the doubtful points cleared up which have exercised the youthful mind ever since the days of the first man. It is at this stage of their existence that we hear of mothers being shocked at the revelations made by their own children. Things which a generation ago were known only at the proper age, and when ignorance would have been folly, are whispered in corners among these callow investigators; and the one who has most to tell is the one who is king or queen of the rest. When the mother snatches her child from this unsatisfactory school, and that undesirable companion, she thinks perhaps that she has saved it; but the fruit of the tree of knowledge when eaten opens the eyes so that they can

never close again, and what the mind has once received the memory can never reject. In the more advanced schools the dangers attached to unlimited confidences are so well understood that experienced matrons have recourse to various stratagems to prevent their possibility. Two girls will not be allowed to consort together for any length of time; and whispering and low voices are expressly forbidden. In walking out they must go in threes, or with a different companion for each day. Governesses have directions to watch all preferential couplings, and to break them up by adding a third to the party; not ostentatiously, so as to cause suspicion of motives, which would be as bad perhaps as the evil sought to be prevented, but with the craft of quietness, the hypocrisy of concealment — which we may cite as one instance of the lawfulness of doing good by underhand methods. Those schools are the best where the social feeling is most encouraged in contradistinction to the personal and individual; and in saying this we say all that need be told. Add to this, unresting occupation, whether it be learning or amusement, business or play — at all events, the disallowance of sloth and self-indulgence in every form — and the dangers of school-life are reduced to their lowest possible sum, with so much good to come from wise guardianship and well-chosen employments as shall go far to neutralize what remains and keep the girls as fresh and pure as is possible in these odd days of ours.

Emerging then from a life of full occupation at school, girls are more to be pitied than envied on their first acknowledged entrance into society. They are scolded by captious fathers weary of milliners' bills and midnight revels; measured with a commercial eye by mercenary mothers, who regard them as so much stock for profitable sale and barter; snubbed by fastidious brothers, who sometimes find them in their way, and who generally are in the state to compare them unfavourably with some Cynthia of the minute in the ascendant. Competition with other girls, who have passed before them through the fire to Moloch, drives off the lingering shyness of the seminary, and the maiden blush vanishes with the appetite for bread and butter. Rinking on the one hand, and the shrieking sisterhood on the other, divide the young womanhood of London between them, and the previous standards of right and wrong, once held so essential to the well-being of society, are completely overthrown on a

little experience of the world and modern life. Idle gossip and questionable conversation are freely indulged in before them as a legitimate source of amusement by their mothers and their mothers' friends. The doubtful topics of the day are not only discussed in their presence, but discussed without reserve in a mixed assemblage of both sexes. The worst novels of the season lie on the drawing-room table, dogs'-eared at the strong passages; and the daily papers, whatever their contents, are passed freely from hand to hand. Women of advanced views make the drawing-room their forum, where they declaim with alarming minuteness of detail against the iniquities of men, and insist on the need there is of women meeting them on their own ground, with weapons sharpened at the same grindstone. Things which our grandmothers went down to the grave without knowing are discussed in the light of day, and in unmistakable terms, before our unmarried girls; and of all the feminine qualities, shame, delicacy, and reticence are the first to be discarded. The tree of knowledge—that upas-tree of modern times—overshadows us all alike, and the sweetnesses of womanhood droop and die beneath its poisonous shade. Medical studies carried on in company with men; the country stumped in advocacy of woman's rights, which mean nothing more nor less than the revolution of society and violence done to nature; the country stumped too on questions which no woman who respected herself should touch with her little finger—what chance have our girls nowadays? Born, bred, and fostered in a vitiated atmosphere from first to last, can we wonder if men say sorrowfully that the English girl of tradition is a thing of the past, and if their apologists can find nothing better as an excuse than that they are like so many boys, with no harm in them, but no womanhood? For ourselves, we hold to the expediency of ignorance of some matters—ignorance of vice, of the darker facts of human history, of the filthy byways of life, of the seething under-current beneath the tranquil surface of society. We see no good to come of the early initiation of children into the knowledge that belongs properly to maturity, of the participation of women in that which belongs properly to men alone. We think that there is a charm in maiden innocence, in womanly ignorance, which no amount of bold trafficking in the secret verities of life can make up for, and we grieve to see the small account at which

these old-fashioned qualities are reckoned. For eating of the tree of knowledge Adam and Eve were flung out of paradise, and perhaps the analogy holds good for the children of men at the present day.

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From Belgravia.

#### THE ART OF LUXURY.

THERE is a luxury of the senses and a luxury of the imagination. The ancients—that is, the Greeks, Romans, and Scriptural races—understood both perfectly; but our direct ancestors did not. The ancients began with their cities, making them by their magnificence tempting to the very strangers whom they pretended to exclude. It is enough, however, to name Babylon, Athens, and Rome; for further expatiation would give an historical tinge to that which is designed as pure philosophy. For the same reason is rejected, though not so peremptorily, that volume of anecdote which has its alpha in Cleopatra's pearl, and its omega in poor Jack eating a five-pound note in a sandwich at Wapping. Most of these stories are apocryphal, and they do not represent the true spirit of luxury. But, in order that a subject may be made interesting, it is essential to take all the traditions with it, and spill the grain of salt. Let us believe, then, in everything that Tacitus and Suetonius tell; in the barbaric indulgences of Nero, Commodus, Heliogabalus, and the un-Cæsaric Cæsars: for they are quite as easy to comprehend as the black broth of Sparta, and the boiled peas which the monks of old used to put in their shoes. How much is this world the happier for doubting whether Apicius ate the tongues of nightingales; that Lucullus sent to the Danube for a trout when he dined *cum Lucullo*; that Sardanapalus was fanned night and day by fifty virgins; or that the ladies of Lesbos slept on roses whose perfume had been artificially heightened? What should we do for illustrations to dress dull topics into gaiety, had the chroniclers been silent as Syrian bishops upon these decorative additions to history? It is very pleasant to think that court maidens once powdered their hair with gold, as the Merovingian kings most certainly powdered their beards; that a famous Venetian gentleman, who affected rather than felt a love of the arts, had his pictures uncovered one by one to the sound of slow music, like a murder on the stage; that Lord Berkeley's shaving-



basin was of solid silver—as why should it not be, any more than of electro-plate?—that Queen Elizabeth's night-cap was wrought with gilded silk; that water was filtered through gold-dust, not a century ago, by the sybarites of Chili, as is gravely attested by Señor Techo; that men, according to Rabelais, who is fortified by the authority of Montluc, drank hippocras as a morning draught, and even went so far as to have dinner and supper on the same day. "See that the powder I use be rich in cassia," cries the polished gentlemen in Middleton's play to the valet whom he has just kicked down stairs. Did not the confectioners celebrated in Featley's "Mystica" mix gold particles with their pastry, and were they one iota less absurd than our connoisseurs in *eau d'or*? Depend upon it, every generation will have its Capua, whether on the Volturno or at Trouville, and luxury after all is a mere affair of fashion. Marc Antony's daughter in our age might not make the lampreys in her fish-pond wear ear-

rings, though the statement is doubted by the critical Bayle and even the credulous Pliny; yet she would probably change her dress five times a day at Biarritz, as do the Parisian graces, born, not of divine sea-foam, but of that other froth called *agiotage*. We do not wear waistcoats painted with scenes from Watteau, or warm idealizations from Brantome, as did the coxcombs of the *ancienne noblesse*; neither do we truss up our horses' tails with gold and silver, but we cockade the creatures until they become unendurably vain—more of their adornments than of their beauty, which is a common case; and the first necessity of an "Ulster," the tailors assure us, is that it should be "impressive." Our girls do not bathe in blood; but the trade in "balms" exhibits a considerable hankering after artificial beauty. A man now who should be seen with a mirror in his hat, or a woman with one on her breast, would be pitied as a lunatic; yet these were contemporary follies ridiculed by Ben Jonson.

**CRINOLINE FOR IRONCLADS.**—Not because of the sex attributed to armoured in common with all other ships, but for the same reason for which, according to the learned Knickerbocker, the maidens of Manhattan enveloped their ample figures in manifold plackets, it is proposed (*Iron* reports) to encircle our ironclads with a network of iron wire, supported by booms at a distance of twenty-two feet, and kept rigid to below the depth of the keel by heavy weights. The danger to be guarded against is the fish torpedo, one species of which can be unerringly propelled under water a distance of a mile, and if it then strikes the ship beneath her water-line she must inevitably sink; for it is understood that all the pumps on board a turret ship, working at their highest pressure, would be incapable of discharging the water which would be admitted through a hole no larger than that made in the "Vanguard" by the prow of the "Iron Duke." An experiment with this netting is about to be made on the "Thunderer"—the most costly of all ironclads—and there is just a chance that, notwithstanding the crinoline, she may be sent to join what has been called our submarine fleet. The Whitehead torpedo appears to be a most effective implement of destruction; indeed, it would seem

that there is no end to the "perils that environ" ironclads.

**A NEW ARTICLE OF DIET.**—A report has been made by the acting political superintendent, Akalkoit, to the government of Bombay, stating that there exists in those parts a weed called "mulmunda," the seed of which is used for food by the poorer classes in times of scarcity. The seed is ground into flour, of which bread is made. The bread is said to be sweet in taste, and, although not quite so satisfying as could be desired, does very well to keep body and soul together at a pinch. It is also given to camels for forage. The result of an examination of the plant, which is of a leguminous description, by the acting chemical analyser to the government, shows that the seeds contain nearly as much nitrogenous substances as some of the chief varieties of Indian peas and beans; and hence the nutritive value of the seed should be taken as equivalent to any of the other leguminous grains. The weed is said to grow all over the Deccan and southern Mahratta country.